

PE 1130
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GIFTS

EMMA E. AKIN



Class PE 1130

Book N4A53

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THE NEGRO AMERICAN
SERIES

GIFTS

by

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THAT MAN STONE COMPANY

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This book is dedicated
to America's Negro Boys and Girls

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all who assisted us in preparing the materials for this book, we want to express sincere appreciation.

We feel especially grateful to the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Joe S. Johnson of Dunbar School, Drum-right, Oklahoma; Miss Willa Green, Jeanes Supervisor, Creek County, Oklahoma; Mr. L. C. Plexco, Mrs. Agnes Beutler, Miss Doris Beutler, Mr. Leonard Hobson, Mrs. Willa Birt, Clara Bell Birt, Harold Adams, Floyd White, Johnnie Mae White, Mrs. James White, Willie C. Taylor, L. C. Taylor, Mr. A. H. Davison, Mrs. William Smith, Mr. Leroy Smith, Alonzo Smith, Mr. E. A. Duke, Rural School Supervisor, State of Oklahoma; Mr. Arthur D. Wright, Pres. Southern Education Foundation; Mr. Gordon Worley, Director of Division of Negro Education, State of Texas; Mr. Roscoe Dunjee, Editor of Black Dispatch, Oklahoma City.

THE AUTHOR

WHY THIS BOOK WAS MADE

Boys and girls, this book was made to help you learn more about Negro Americans.

You will enjoy the real pictures of Negro children and Negro leaders. These people live today. They laugh and work and play just as you do.

You will be proud of the Negro race and of the many fine things your people are doing.

You will see that white people and Negro people can be good friends. Both races have brought wonderful gifts to our country. Bringing these gifts has made us all richer and happier.

STORIES IN THIS BOOK

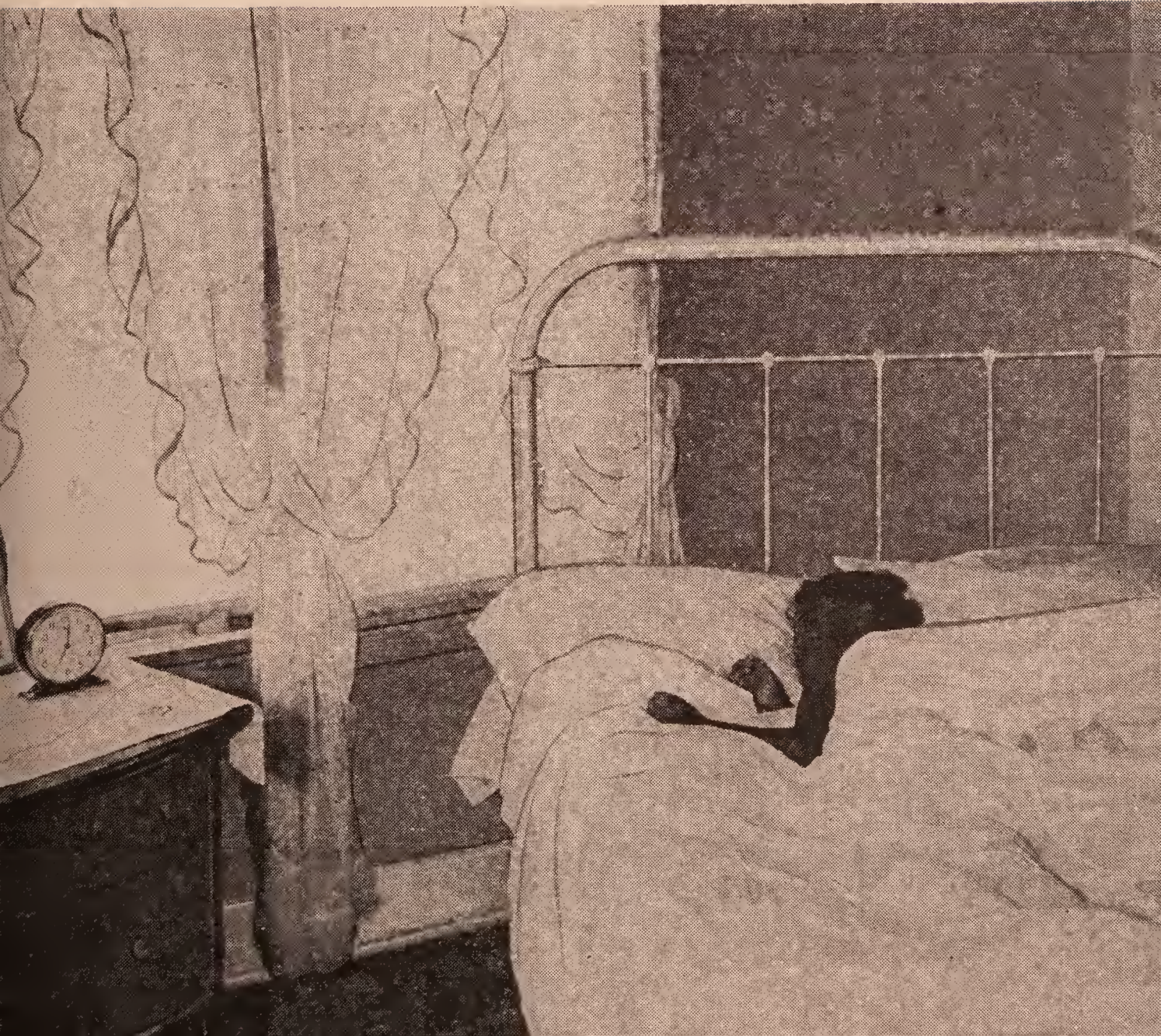
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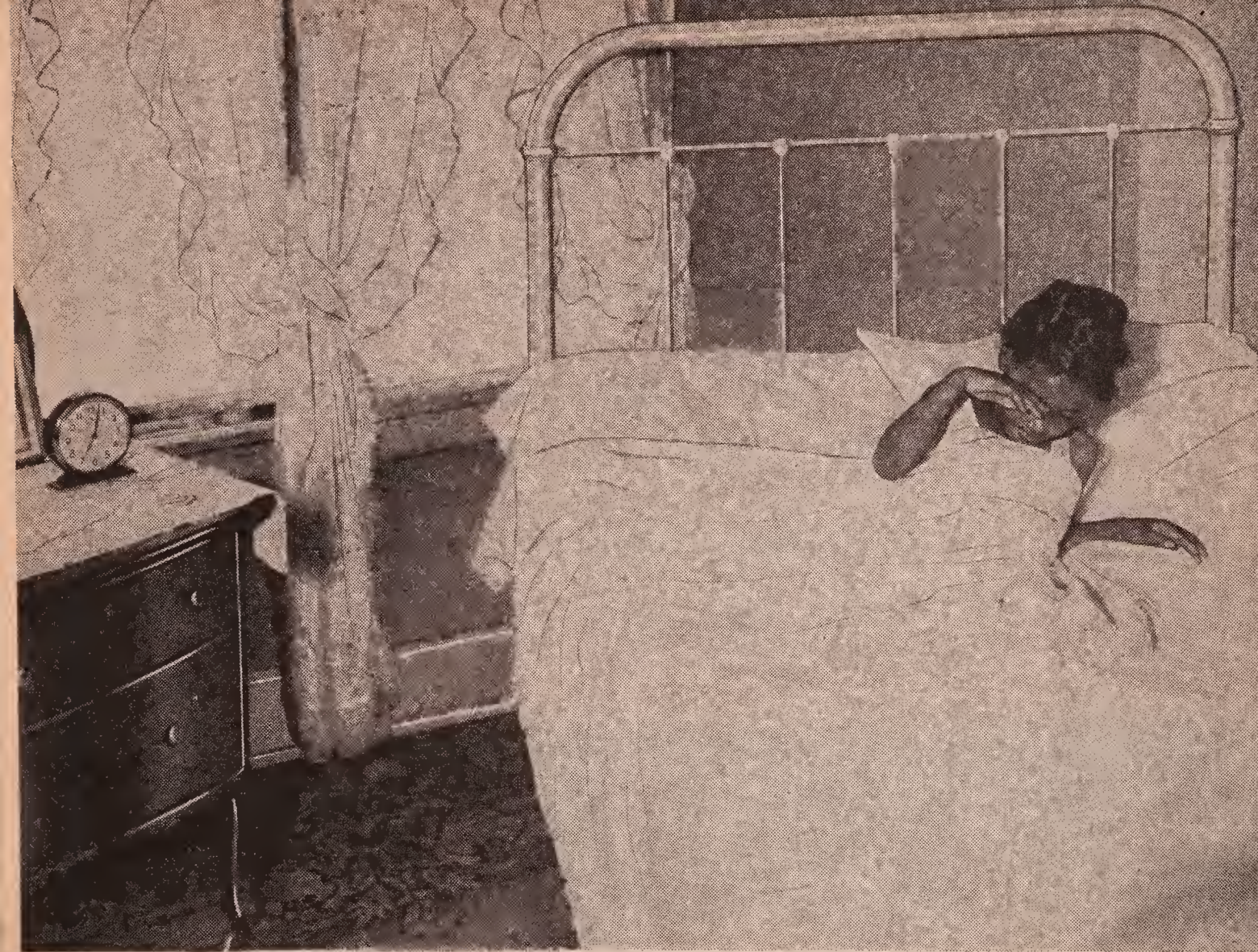
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GIFTS

Awake! Awake!

“Tick-tock,” said the clock,
“It is day, Johnnie Mae.
Out of bed, sleepy-head,
Up, up! and away!”



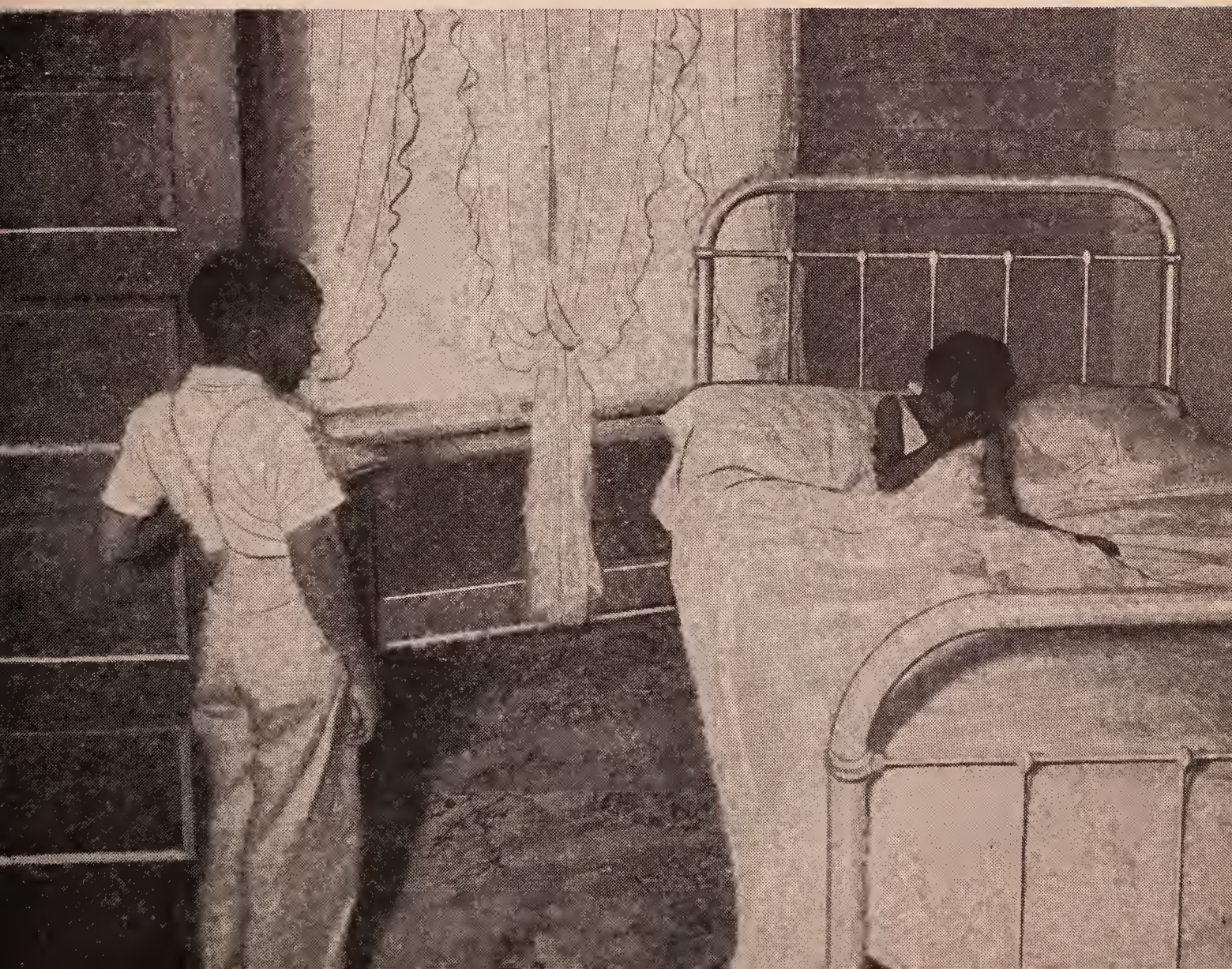


Johnnie Mae heard the clock.
She said, "I do not want to get up.
I like my own good bed.
It is clean and neat.
I am very happy here.
I shall stay in my clean bed."

"By my face and hands, tick-tock,
It is seven," said the clock.

Johnnie Mae heard Floyd
calling her;

“Johnnie Mae, get up, get up!
This is the first Monday
in September.
We are going to school today.
We must be on time.



It is seven o'clock now.

Please get up, Johnnie Mae."

"Oh, oh!" cried Johnnie Mae.

"How could I forget?

Thank you, Floyd, for calling me.

Thank you, too, Mr. Clock.

I shall get up now.

I shall take a good bath.



Then I shall put on
my pretty yellow dress.
I like my pretty yellow dress.”

Johnnie Mae did jump out of bed.
She ran to take a good bath.
Then she put on her yellow dress.

“I think this dress is pretty,”
she said.

“I shall keep it clean and neat.
My teacher and my friends
will like my pretty yellow dress.”

READ AND TELL

1. What did the clock say
to Johnnie Mae?
2. Why did Johnnie Mae
want to stay in bed?
3. Who called Johnnie Mae
and told her to get up?
4. Why did Floyd want her
to get up?
5. What did Johnnie Mae say
to Floyd?
6. What did Johnnie Mae say
to the clock?
7. What kind of dress
did she put on?
8. How did Johnnie Mae say
she would care for her dress?



On the Farm

Floyd and Johnnie Mae live
on a big farm.

They have good food to eat,
and milk to drink every day.

They have many pets on the farm.

They have pretty flowers
and beautiful green trees.

Floyd is a happy boy.

Johnnie Mae is a happy girl.





Johnnie Mae and Floyd
have work to do on the farm.
They feed their pets.
They feed the hens.
They find the eggs
and bring them into the house.
They help their mother.
They help their father.
They keep the yard clean and neat.

But Floyd and Johnnie Mae
do not work too hard.
They have good times on the farm.

It is fun to feed the pets.
It is fun to find the eggs.
Floyd and Johnnie Mae
like to help their mother.
They like to help their father.
They like to keep the yard neat.
They like to work in the garden.

It is great fun to play
under the beautiful green trees.
They love the pretty flowers.
They like the good food
and the milk on the farm.



There is no school house
on their farm.

Two years ago,
there was an old log house
in which they had school,
but it is not there now.

Johnnie Mae and Floyd
will go to school today.
Floyd went to school last year.
Johnnie Mae did not go to school
last year.
She was too little.

Floyd went to Dunbar School
last year.
He will go to a new school
this year.
The new school is called Wheatley.
Floyd thinks he will like Wheatley.



Find the parts of the story
“On the Farm”
that tell about each picture.
Read the parts to your friends.



SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

Johnnie Mae and Floyd
are not so very big.
How do you think they go to school?
Do you think they walk all the way
from their farm to Wheatley School?
Could you walk a long way
to school every day?
If you had books to carry
what would you do?

SOMETHING TO DO

Draw a picture of Floyd
on his way to Wheatley School.

Draw a picture of Johnnie Mae
going to school, too.

Going to School

At eight o'clock Floyd said,
"It is time to go to school.
Come, Johnnie Mae."

"School begins at nine o'clock,"
said Johnnie Mae.

"It is only eight o'clock now.
Why must we go so early?"





“It is a long way from here
to Wheatley School,” said Floyd.

“I will walk part of the way
with you,” said their father.

“Good!” cried the children.

Then they said good-bye
to their mother
and away they went,
Johnnie Mae, Father, and Floyd.

Johnnie Mae had a little book.
Floyd had some paper and a pencil.
Mr. White had nothing to carry.
He was not going to school.
He was going only part of the way.

“When I was a boy,”
said Mr. White to his children.
“I had to walk to school.
I had to walk a long way.
It was no fun to walk and walk
on a very hot day.
It was no fun to walk and walk
on a very cold day.”

“I am glad we do not walk far,”
said Johnnie Mae.
“It is fun to ride to school.”



“Johnnie Mae is too little to walk a long way,” said Floyd.

“Yes,” answered Mr. White. “Johnnie Mae is a very little girl. She could not go to school if she had to walk too far.”

“Did you go to school every day when you were a boy?” asked Floyd.

“No, I had to miss many days of school when I was a boy,” answered Mr. White.

“I like to go to school. I am glad we can go every day,” said Floyd.



As they walked along
Mr. White thought and thought.
He said nothing for a long time.

At last he said to the children,
“When I was a little boy
we did not have as many days
of school each year as you have.
Our school house was made of logs.
It was not as pretty as yours.”

“Did you like to go to school?”
asked Johnnie Mae.

“Yes,” answered Mr. White.
“I liked to go to school.
I thought we had a good school.”

“I would not like a school
in an old log house,”
said Johnnie Mae.

“I like a pretty school house.”

“When I was a little boy
my father and mother told me
about their school.

It was not a very good school.
Their school was not as good
as my old log school house.

What a hard time they had
when they tried to learn to read.
Their stories made me appreciate
my own school more.”



“Your stories make us appreciate
our school more,” said Floyd.

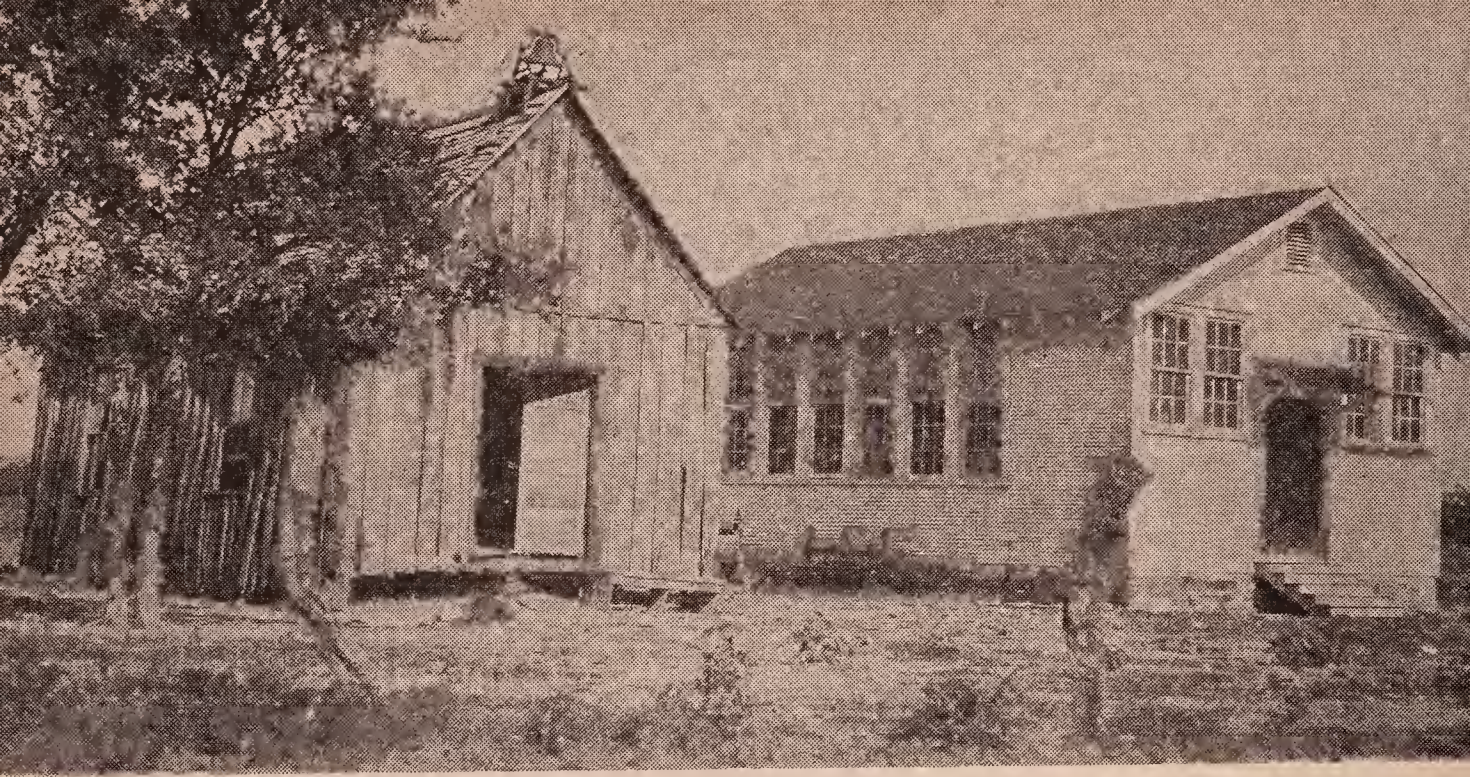
“That is right,” said Mr. White.
“I want you to appreciate Wheatley.
Wheatley is a Rosenwald school.”

“What is a Rosenwald school?”
asked Johnnie Mae.

Mr. White answered,



Julius Rosenwald



This New Oklahoma School Was Built with Rosenwald Money

“A man named Julius Rosenwald wanted us to have good schools. Mr. Rosenwald gave his money to help make better school houses. The schools he has helped are called Rosenwald schools.”

“Oh, I like Mr. Rosenwald,” cried Johnnie Mae.

“I like our Rosenwald house and I like our Wheatley School. It is better than the old school.”

Johnnie Mae Has a Fall

“Look!” cried Floyd.

“Here comes the big yellow bus.

We are just on time!”

Johnnie Mae began to run.

She wanted to ride on the big bus.

She wanted to see her friends

who were on the bus.



“Do not run, Johnnie Mae,”
cried her father.

“Do not get too near the bus.
You will be hurt!”

Johnnie Mae ran on.

Floyd said, “Father, I think
Johnnie Mae did not hear you.”

Mr. White called again,
“Johnnie Mae, do not run!
The big bus will hurt you.
Stop, child, stop!”

Johnnie Mae ran on and on.
Her father called again.
But she did not stop.





Floyd said to his father.

“I will run after Johnnie Mae.

I will try to stop her.

I do not want her to be hurt.”

And Floyd began to run, too.

He ran after Johnnie Mae.

Mr. White said, “Run, Floyd!

Stop her if you can!”



Floyd cried, "Stop, Johnnie Mae!
Do not go near the bus
until it comes to a stop.
You will be hurt, Johnnie Mae.
Stop! Stop! Stop!"

Johnnie Mae did not stop.
She ran on and on.

Then something happened!
Just as she came near the big bus
she fell. Poor Johnnie Mae!

But Floyd was there in time.
He pulled Johnnie Mae away
just as the bus came to a stop.

All the boys and girls looked
to see if Johnnie Mae was hurt.
They said, "Oh, Johnnie Mae!
Did the big bus hurt you?
Talk to us, Johnnie Mae, please!"

Johnnie Mae cried and cried.

At last, when she could talk
she said, "I am not hurt."

"Then why do you cry?"
her friends wanted to know.

"Oh, my pretty yellow dress!"
answered Johnnie Mae.

"Just look at my dress!"

And she began to cry once more.



Mr. White said, "Do not cry.
Your dress is not hurt.
I will brush it for you.
See! It is not hurt.
It is clean and pretty again."

"Oh, thank you, Father,"
said Johnnie Mae with a smile.
"I thought my dress would not
be pretty after the fall.
But it is pretty again.
We can go to school now.
After this, I will not run
near the bus until it stops."

"That is fine," said Mr. White.
"See that you do not forget."

Then Mr. White said to Floyd,
"I am proud of you, my boy.
If you had not pulled Johnnie Mae





away from the big bus
she would have been hurt.
Please take care of Johnnie Mae
every day when she gets on the bus.
She is only a very little girl.
She needs a big boy like you
to look after her.”

“I shall try to take care
of Johnnie Mae,” answered Floyd.
“I am glad I was there in time
to help her today.”

Then Floyd helped Johnnie Mae
to get on the big bus.

“Good-bye, Father,” said Floyd
and Johnnie Mae.

“Good-bye, Mr. White,”
said all the boys and girls
on the big yellow bus.

“Good-bye,” called Mr. White.
“I hope you will have a happy day
at Wheatley School.”

The children smiled and said,
“Thank you, Mr. White.
We will try to have a happy day
at our new Wheatley School.”

Away they went down the road
in the big yellow bus.



DO YOU KNOW?

1. Did Johnnie Mae hear her father when he called, "Do not run"?
2. Did Johnnie Mae see the bus?
3. Why did she run on and on?
4. Was Johnnie Mae hurt?
5. Why did she cry so hard?
6. How did Floyd help Johnnie Mae?
7. Do you go near a bus before it stops?
8. Do you ride to school on a bus?
9. Do you play in the road?
10. Do you walk on the right side of the road?
11. Do you look this way and that way before you walk into the road?
12. How do you get on a big bus?

Wheatley School

The school bell was ringing
when the bus came to a stop
at the new Wheatley School.

The children went into the hall.
They looked at the clock.
It said, "Nine o'clock."

"We are just on time,"
said the children.



Mrs. Johnson came to her door.
“Good-morning,” she said.

“Good-morning, Mrs. Johnson,”
answered the girls and boys.

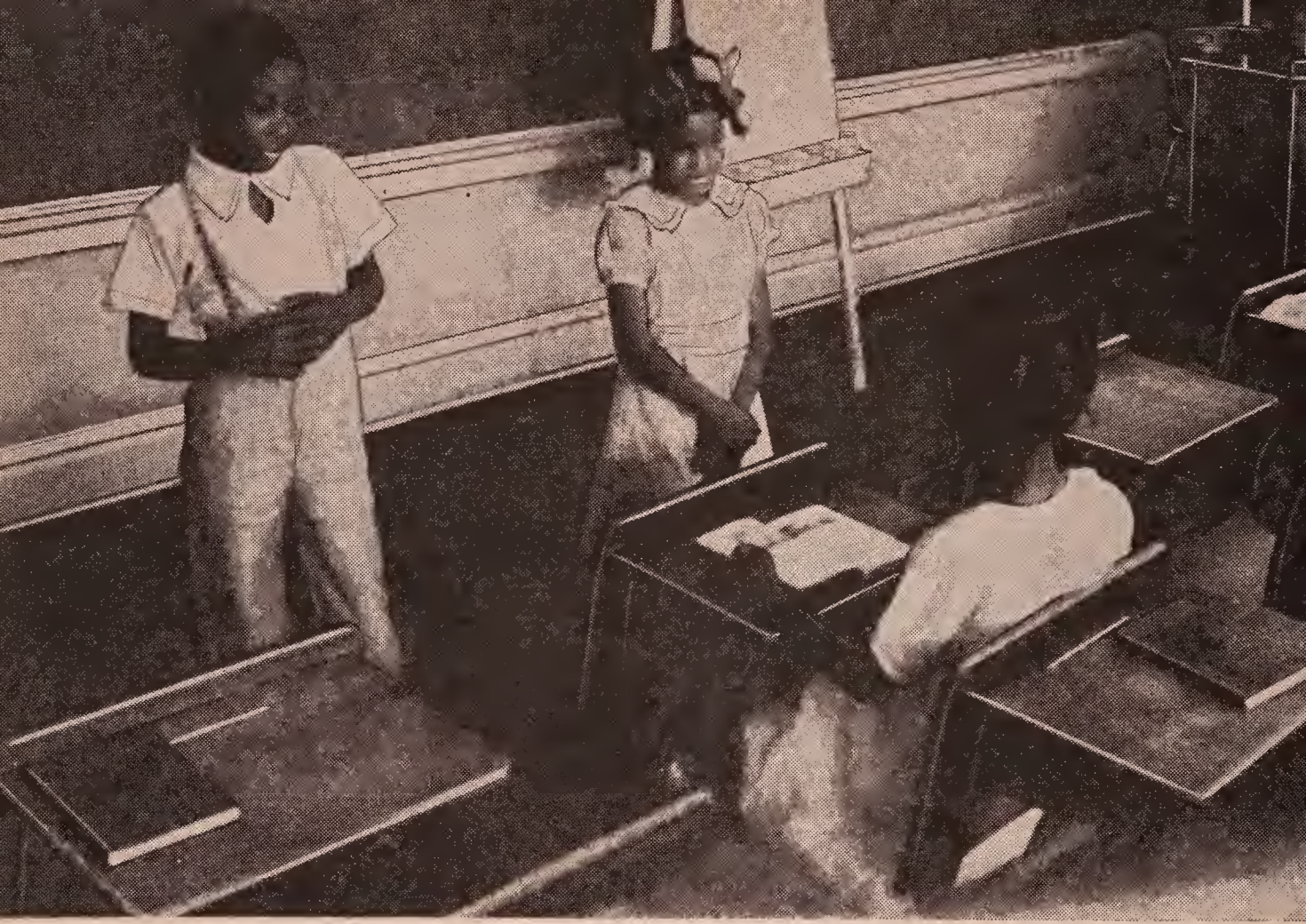
“We came to school on the new bus.
May we come into your room?”

“Yes, do come in,” she said
in a kind voice.

“I am very glad to see you.
What a fine ride you had
on the big new school bus!”

The children went into the room.
Many boys and girls were there.
They sat on the little chairs
near the long tables
and talked to their friends.



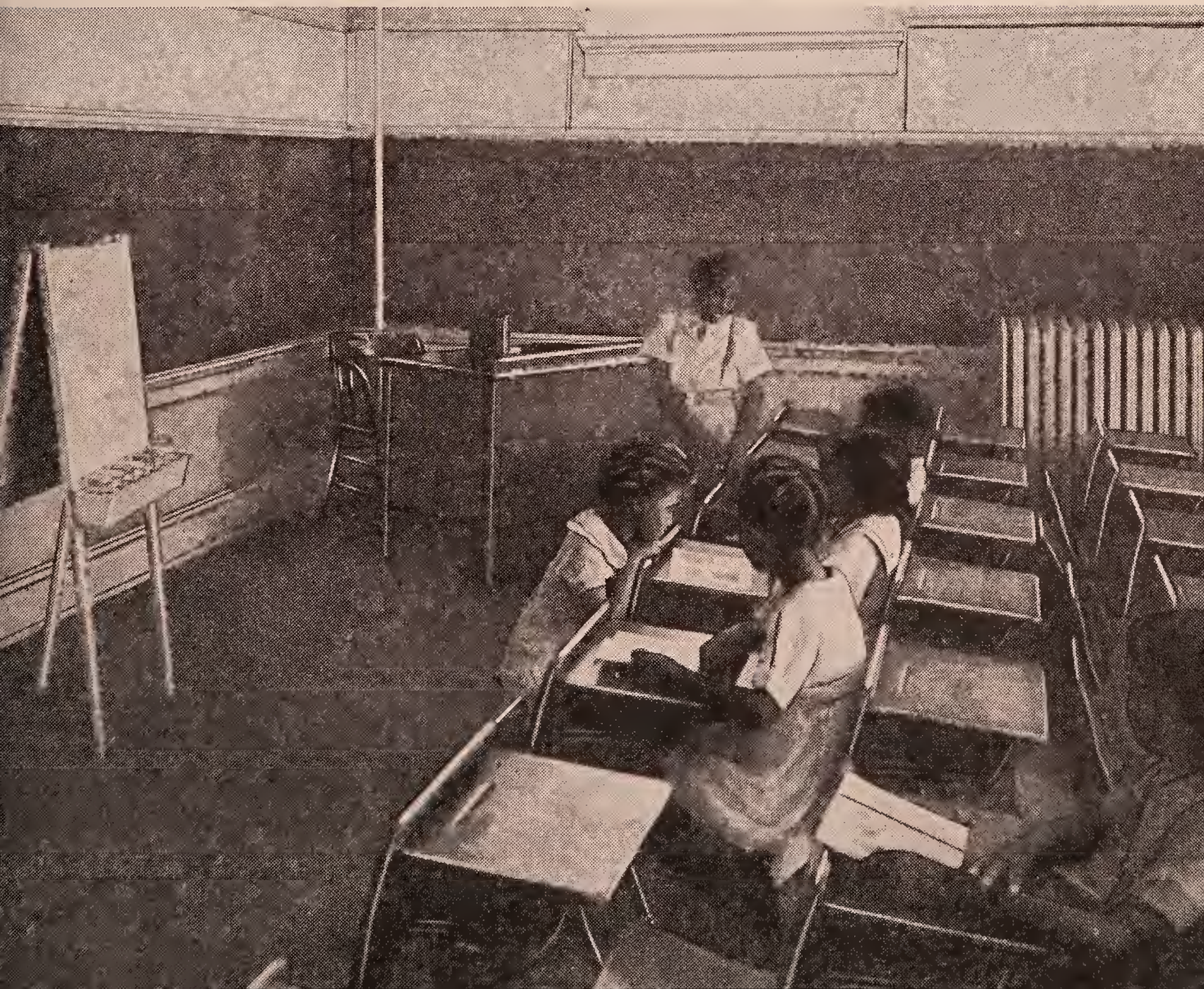


Clara Bell was there.
Clara Bell is a little girl
who is always happy.
Floyd and Johnnie Mae
were glad to see her.

Clara Bell smiled and said,
“Good-morning, Johnnie Mae.
Good-morning, Floyd.
I am glad to see you.”

The twins were at school.
One twin is named Betty.
One twin is named Burnett.
Betty is a little girl.
Burnett is a little boy.

Johnnie Mae and Floyd
were glad to see the twins.
They are all very good friends.

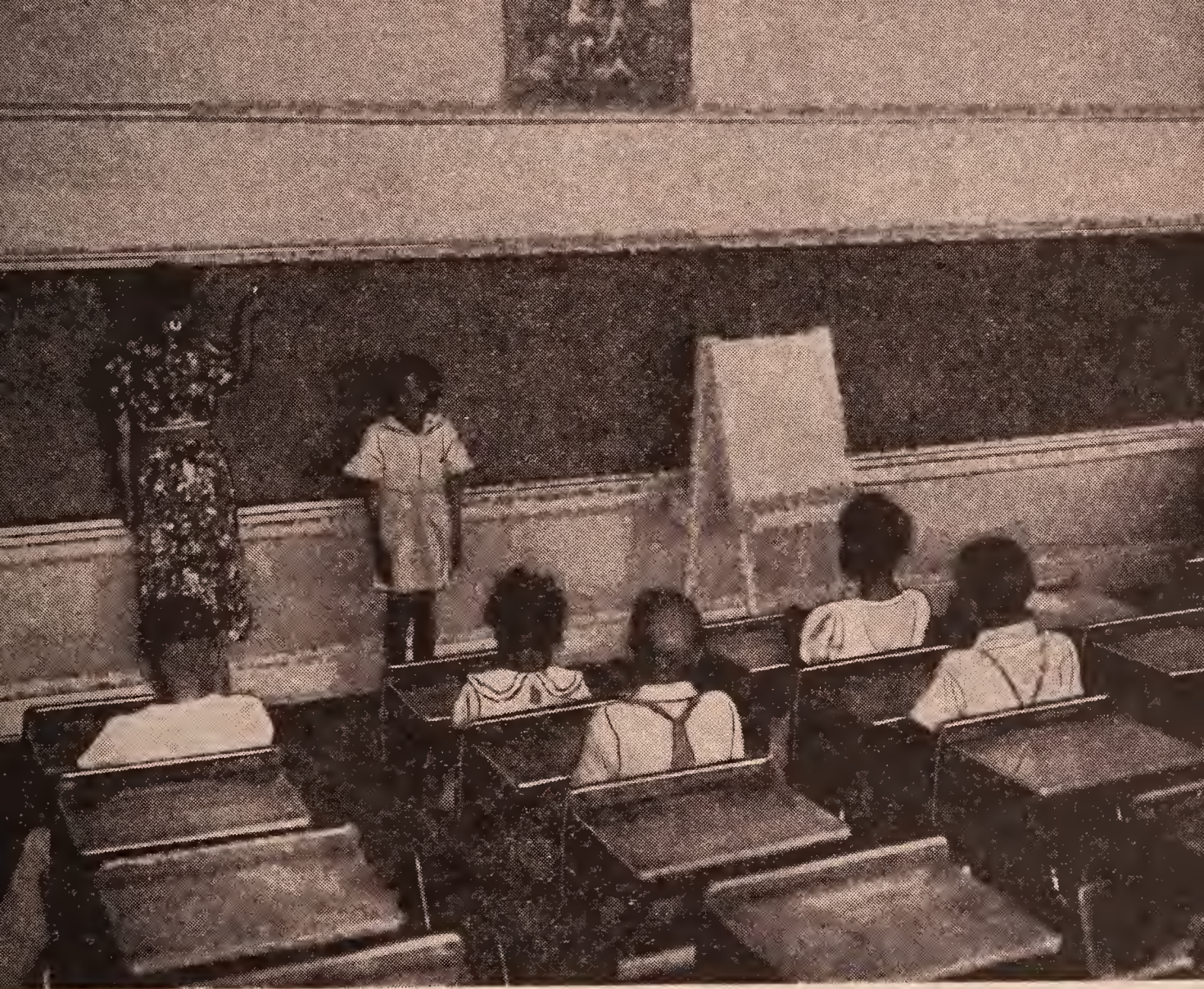


Before long, Betty and Burnett walked across the school room to Mrs. Johnson. They said to her:

“We like to come to school. May we make a story, Mrs. Johnson? We want to tell why we like to come to school at Wheatley.”

Mrs. Johnson smiled at the twins, “That will be fine,” she said. “I want to hear your stories. I will write them here on the clean blackboard. If they are good stories, I will print them for you, too.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Johnson,” said the twins.



“You may tell your story first,”
said Burnett to Betty.

“Thank you, Burnett,”
said his little twin, Betty.

Then Betty told her story.
Burnett told his story.

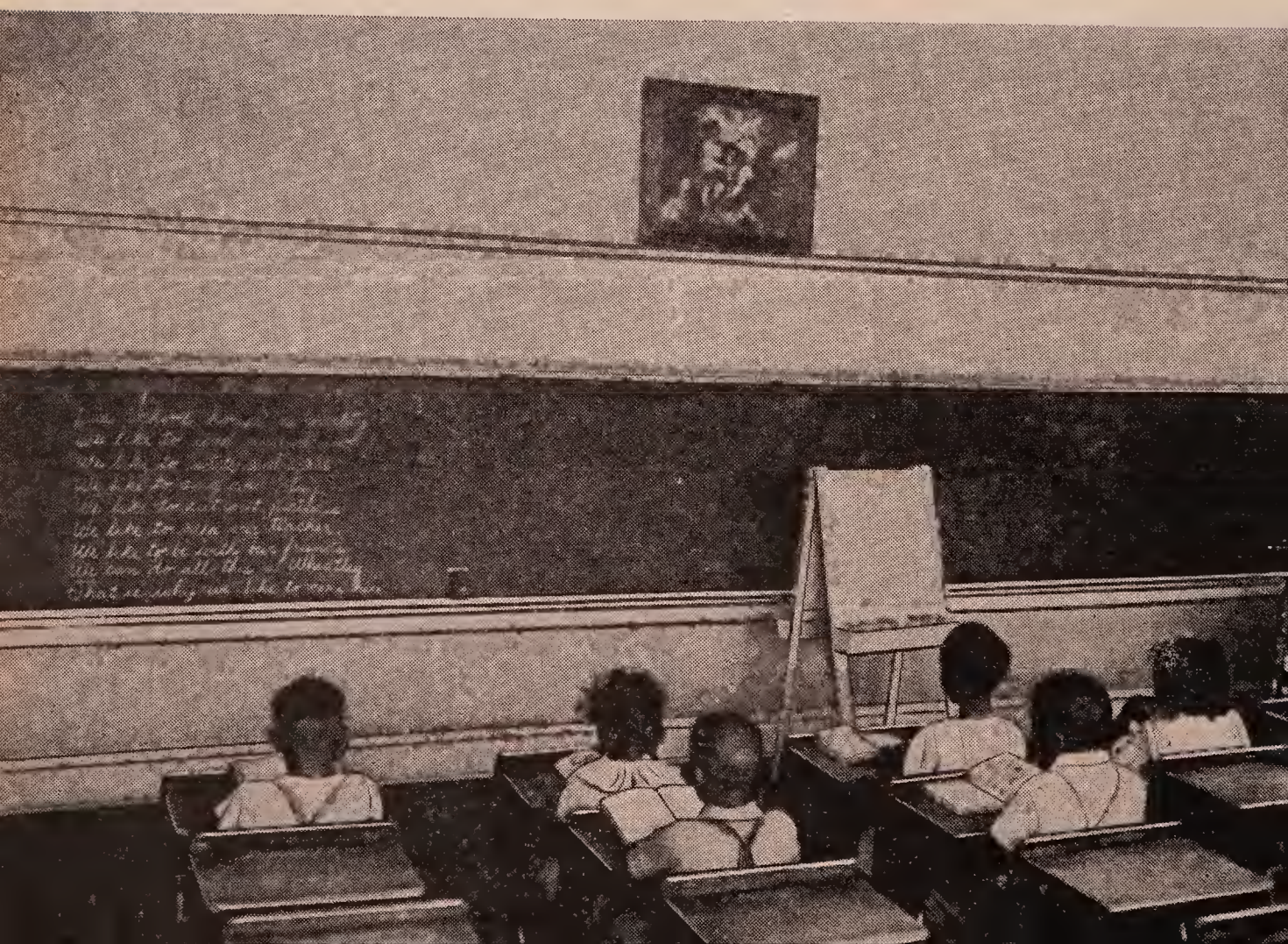
All the other children told

why they like to come to school
at Wheatley.

As they told their stories,
Mrs. Johnson wrote them
on the clean blackboard.

First, she wrote Betty's story.
Then she wrote Burnett's story.

The stories on the blackboard
looked like this:



After they had read their story
the children wanted to sing.

They sang and sang.

Mrs. Johnson sang with them.

Then Mrs. Johnson showed them
where to put their crayolas,
their books, their papers,
and their pencils.

She said, "You will always know
where to find your books
if you put them here each time
after you use them.

This is a very good way
to take care of your books."

"We will not forget," they said.

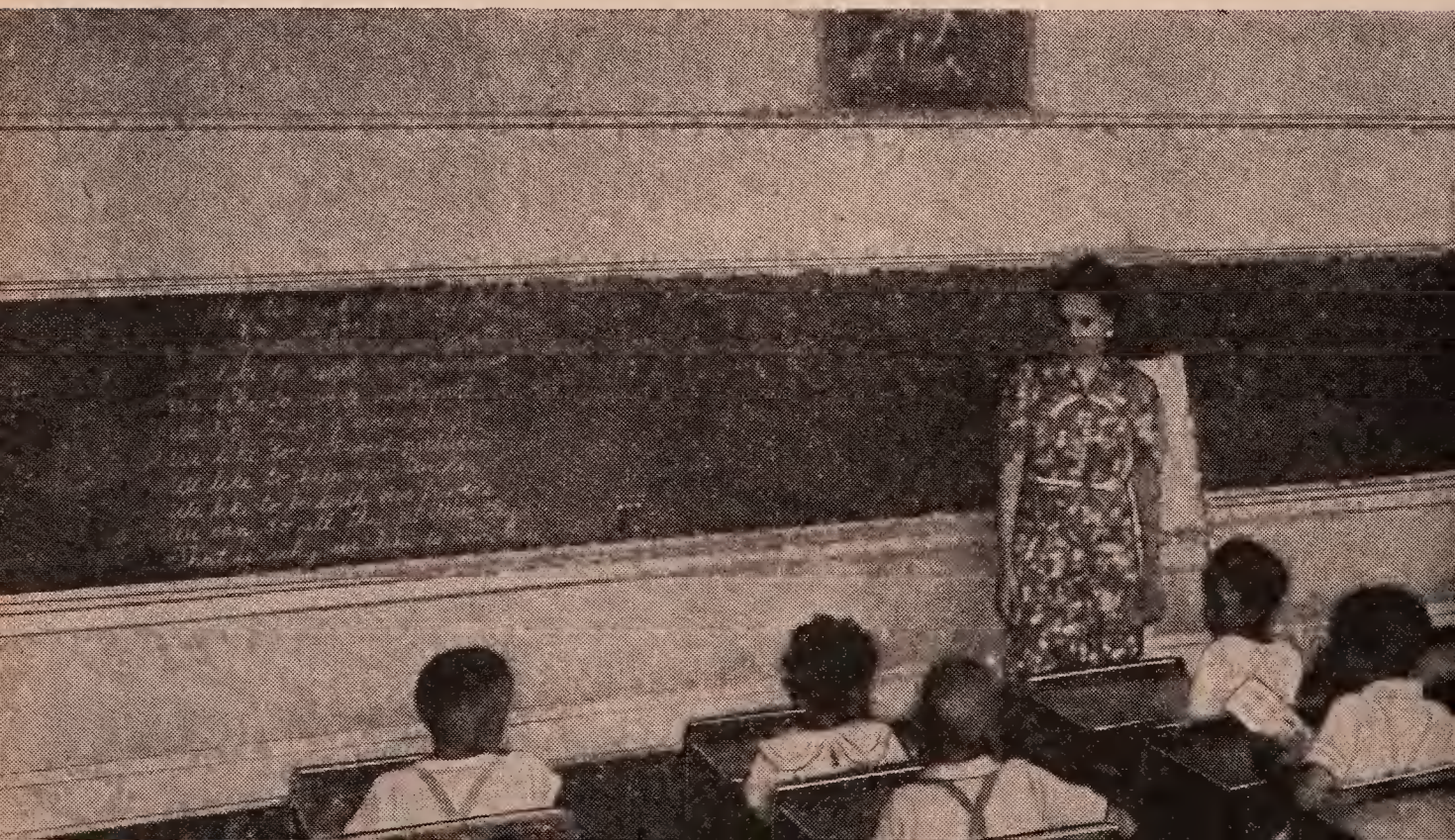
All the boys and girls helped.

Clara Bell took great care
to make her books and papers



look very neat and pretty.
She had a hard time with them.
One book just would fall out.
She put it away five times
before it would stay in place.

When every thing was put away
and the room looked very neat,
Floyd said, "Last year we learned
about Paul Laurence Dunbar.
Our other school was named
for Paul Laurence Dunbar.
Mrs. Johnson read some poems.



Mr. Dunbar wrote the poems.

Dunbar School was named for a poet."

"Yes," smiled Clara Bell.

"I like to hear Mrs. Johnson read Paul Laurence Dunbar's poems."

"I like the poems, too,"
Burnett said.

"I think I shall try to write some poems when I am big."

"I have been thinking about our new Wheatley School,"
said Floyd.

"Is it named for a poet, too?"

Mrs. Johnson looked at Floyd and answered, "Yes, our new school is named for a poet, too."

"Good!" cried Betty and Burnett.
"We are glad it is named for a poet."

CAN YOU DO THIS?

Here are parts of some stories.

Here are some words, too.

Find the word that will make
each story true.

nine

teacher

twins

girl

friends

bus

boy

yellow

story

1. Betty and Burnett are
2. School begins at o'clock.
3. Floyd and Burnett are
good
4. Mrs. Johnson is the
5. The children ride on a
6. It is a big bus.
7. Burnett is a little
8. Betty is a little



Phillis Wheatley

Many years ago, a little girl
came to our country.

The girl was only eight years old.
She came from far, far away
on a big ship.

The little girl's mother
did not come to this country.
There was no one on the ship
to take care of the little girl.

The ship was not clean.
When it came to land,
the little girl was not clean.

She had no pretty clothes.
She had no clothes at all.
She did not have even a dress.

She had come from a hot country
where people did not need clothes
to keep them warm.
She had lived near green trees
and beautiful flowers.
She had always been happy there,
in her far-away home
with her mother
and her flowers and pets,
until the great ship came
to take her away.

The ship had been on the sea
many long days and nights.
There had been very little to eat
and no good milk to drink.
There had been no warm bed.
She had tried to sleep on the floor
of the ship, but it was too hard.
She could not sleep there.

Now she was on land again
and she saw many people;
but no one looked like her mother.
The child was not happy.
She wanted her good, kind mother.

If you had seen the little girl
you would have wanted to help her.

A white woman saw the child.
She said, "Poor little girl!
She does not look happy.

She is cold. She has no dress!
I think she is afraid.
She looks like a bright child.
I need a girl to help me.
I will take this child to my home.
I will give her some clothes.

The white woman's name
was Mrs. Wheatley.
Mrs. Wheatley took the child
into her own beautiful home.
She was kind to her.
She gave her good food to eat.
She tried to talk with her.

At first the little girl
was afraid of Mrs. Wheatley.
When Mrs. Wheatley talked to her
the child did not know
what she said.

In a little while,
Mrs. Wheatley went to town.
She took some money with her.
When she came home,
she brought the little girl
some pretty new dresses.
The child liked the new dresses.



Soon she began to see
that Mrs. Wheatley was kind,
and that she wanted to help her.
Then the little girl
was not afraid of Mrs. Wheatley.

The child was a bright girl.
She learned to talk as we talk
in a very little while.
How happy she was!
Mrs. Wheatley was proud of her.
They talked and talked each day.

Mrs. Wheatley called the girl
PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

Before long, Phillis had learned
to love Mrs. Wheatley.
She loved her new home, too.

Phillis saw books and pictures
in her beautiful new home.
She liked to look at them.
She wanted to learn more about them.

Mrs. Wheatley said to Phillis,
“We will teach you to read.
We will teach you to write, too.”

“Oh, thank you!” cried Phillis.
“I will study every day.
I want to learn to read and write.”

Some boys and girls do not learn
to read very well



until they have gone to school
four or five years.

Phillis learned to read well
in one year.

She liked to read stories.
She liked to read poems, too.
She wanted to read every day.
She sat up at night to read.

In a little more than a year,
she could read even the Bible.
She loved to read the Bible
better than all the other books.
It did not have pretty pictures.
It was hard to say the big words



but the Bible told Phillis
beautiful, beautiful stories
of a Father who loved His children.
She always thought of her mother
when she read this book.

Phillis learned to write, too.
She liked to write letters.
After she had been in her new home
about four years,
she wrote letters almost every day
to her many friends.

Many people loved Phillis
because she was good and kind.
They came to see her often.
They brought her books and flowers.

Phillis wrote many letters
to thank her friends for their gifts.



Phillis loved to write poems
as well as letters.
Mrs. Wheatley did not teach her
how to write poems.
No one knew how she learned
to write them.
Even she did not know.
It may be that God took her hand
and showed her how to write them.

All the little girl knew about it
was that she wanted to write
of the beautiful things she saw
and heard each day.

She wanted to tell of her faith
in God, and in His love
for all good children.

She thought she saw God's love
in the green of the trees,
in the bright colors of flowers,
in the smile of a little child.

She heard His sweet voice
in the songs of the people
of her race and color,
and in the kind words of her friends.



She could feel His care
in the arms of Mrs. Wheatley
who took the place
of her own dear mother.

This little girl who came
from far away across the sea
did not try to be great.
She did not even think of herself.

But when she put her thoughts
on paper for others to read,
they were like beautiful music.

Mrs. Wheatley read them.
Many others read them.
They all knew that Phillis Wheatley
was a true poet.



Mrs. Wheatley was very proud.
She said, "This is my Phillis!
This is my little black girl
who was brought to a new land
to live far away from her home
and her own dear mother.
She came here cold and hungry.
She came without clothes or friends.
She could not talk to us.
She was afraid we would hurt her.

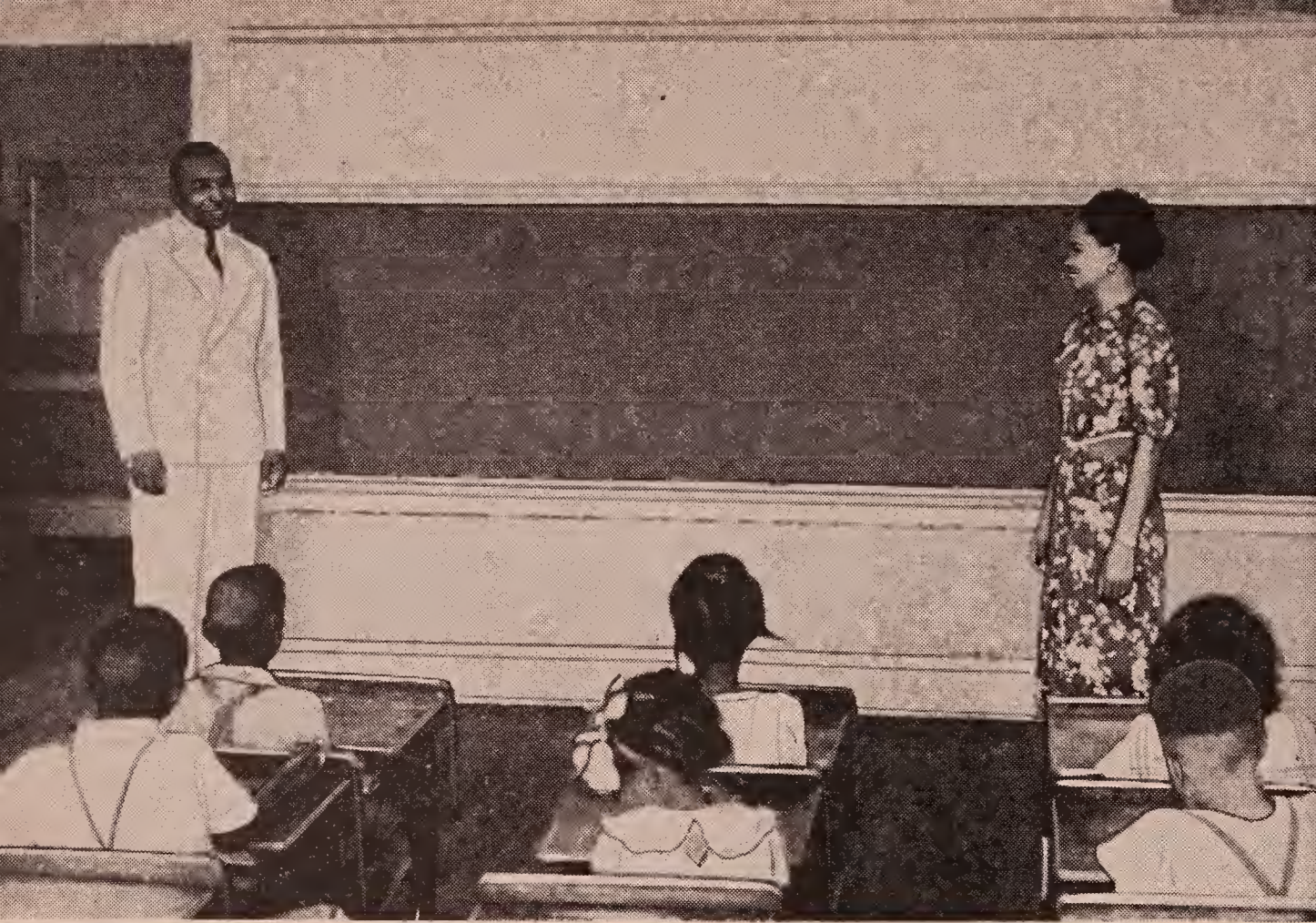
"But this little black girl
came bringing a gift to America.
It was a gift of faith and beauty."

Phillis Wheatley was not only
the first Negro poet in America,
but she was one of the very first
to write poems in our great land.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

1. Why did Phillis Wheatley have no pretty dress when she came to America?
2. What did Phillis like to read?
3. How soon did she learn to read the Bible?
4. Who took little Phillis into her home?
5. Why was Mrs. Wheatley kind to Phillis?
6. What kind of letters did Phillis write?
7. How did Phillis learn to write poems?
8. Why are we all so proud of Phillis Wheatley?





Gifts

“I thought that poor people could not give gifts,” said Floyd. as he sat thinking about the story of Phillis Wheatley.

A voice answered,
“The very best gifts often come from people who have no money.”

The children looked around.
A man had come into their room.

Mrs. Johnson said, "Children,
this is Mr. Johnson.
He is the principal of Wheatley.
You will see him every day."

"How do you do, Mr. Johnson!"
said the boys and girls.
"Come to see us often."

Mr. Johnson smiled at them.
"I am glad to see you," he said.
"I want to know you better.
Were you talking about gifts
when I came into the room?"

"Yes," answered Clara Bell.
"Mrs. Johnson told us a story
of Phillis Wheatley
and her gift to America."

“That is a fine story,”
said Mr. Johnson.

“Did Paul Laurence Dunbar
bring a gift to America, too?”
asked Burnett.

“Paul Laurence Dunbar
was another Negro who gave
beautiful poems to America,”
answered Floyd.

“And Roland Hayes is bringing
a gift of music to America,”
added Mrs. Johnson.

“Music is one of our best gifts
to this country,” said Mr. Johnson.

“I would like to give a gift
to America,” said Betty.

“I am too young to write poems.

I do not have a very big voice.

I have no money.

How can I bring a gift?"

No one answered for a time.

Then Mr. Johnson said to Betty,

"Every kind thought you have,

and every good thing you do,

is a little gift to your friends.

You can always bring a gift

of love and good-will.

Your life and your work

can make us all proud of you.

Such a life is a gift

to your race, and to America."

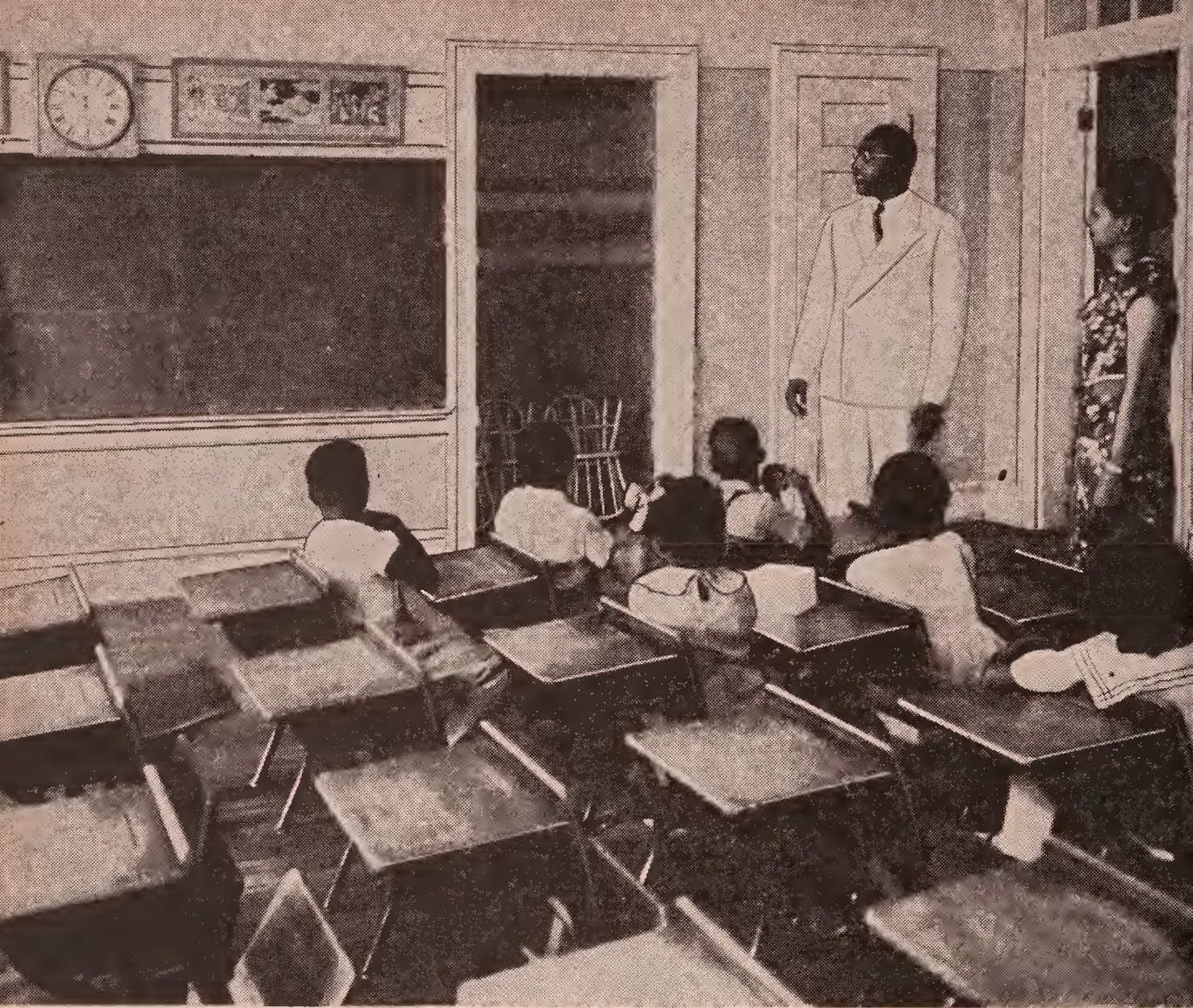
"Thank you, Mr. Johnson,"

said Betty. "I shall not forget.

I shall try to make my life

a good gift."





Just then the bell began to ring.

Floyd looked at the clock.

The long hand was on the six.

The other hand was near the ten.

Do you know what time it was?

Johnnie Mae did not know

what time it was.

She asked Mrs. Johnson.

“Is it time to go home?”

Mrs. Johnson answered,
“No, it is not time to go home.
It is time to go into the yard
and play some good games.”



Johnnie Mae was little.
She did not know what to do.
She did not know where to play.
This was her first day at school.

Betty looked at Johnnie Mae.
She saw that her little friend
was not happy.

Betty took Johnnie Mae
by the hand, and said,
“Come with me, Johnnie Mae.
I will take you out to play.”



This made Johnnie Mae happy.
She said to her friend,
“Thank you, thank you, Betty dear.
You are very kind to me.”

And away went the two girls
into the yard to play.

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

1. What gift did Phillis Wheatley bring to our country?
2. What gift does Roland Hayes give?
3. What did Mr. Dunbar give?
4. How can we bring gifts to others if we have no money?
5. What kind of gifts did Mr. Johnson tell Betty she could give?
6. What did Betty do to show that she did not forget?
7. What do you do to help others?
8. As you read the next story try to find which boys and girls were kind.

Tell what kind thing
each one of them did.



At the Swings

Betty asked Johnnie Mae,
“What game do you want to play?”

“I think I want to swing,”
answered Johnnie Mae.

“I will show you the way
to the swings,” said Betty.

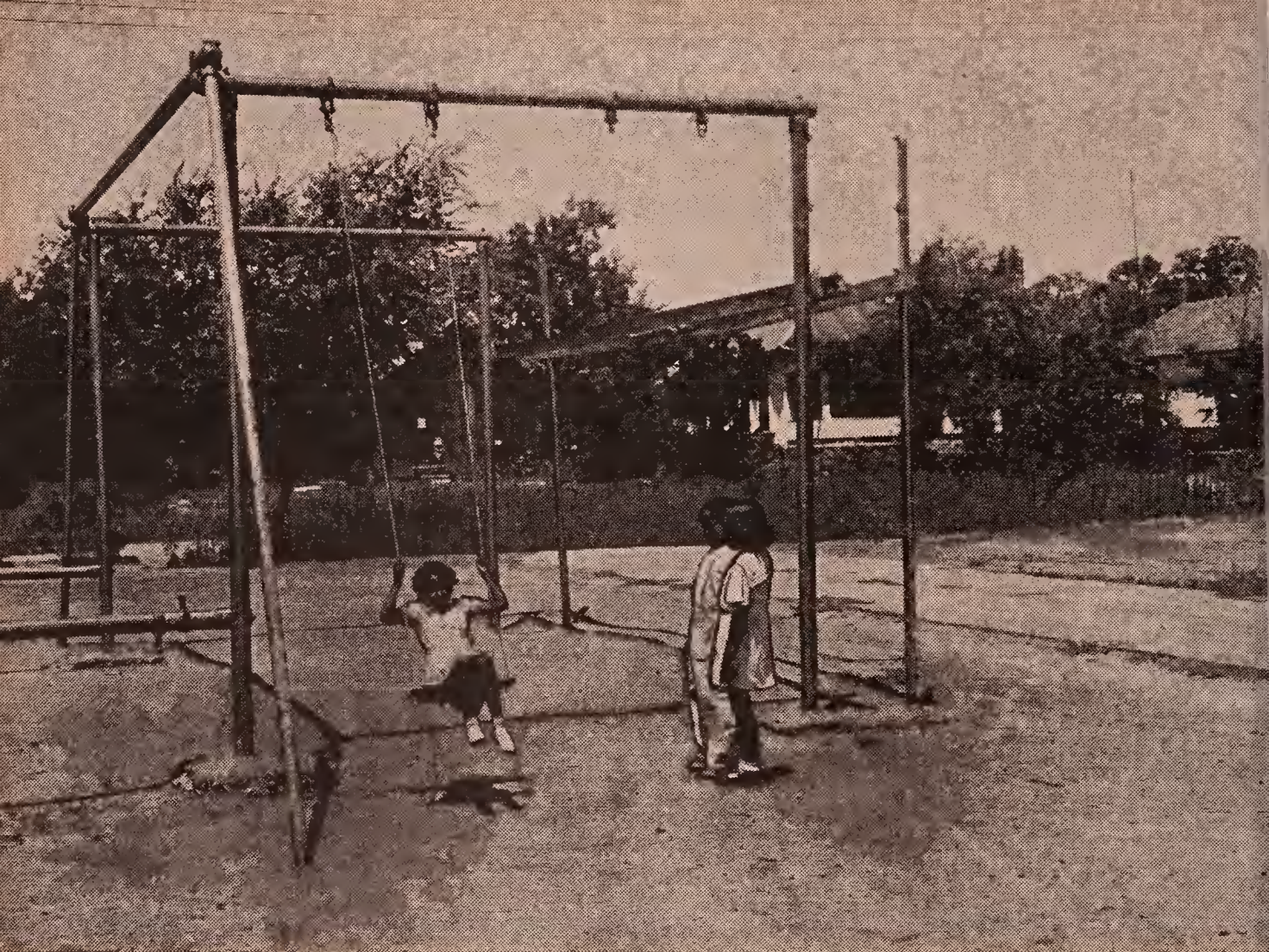
All the swings were full.
Betty and Johnnie Mae stood

and looked at the boys and girls.
They did not ask for a swing.

But when Burnett saw
that Johnnie Mae wanted to swing
he said to her,
“You may have this swing.”

Johnnie Mae said to Burnett,
“Thank you very much, Burnett;
but I do not want to take
your swing.”

“Oh!” answered Burnett.
“This is not my swing.
It is OUR swing.
It is for all of us to use.
We want every one to have fun
at Wheatley School.
Come on, Johnnie Mae.
Let me help you into the swing.”



Johnnie Mae let Burnett
help her into the swing.

She said to him,
“You are very kind to me.
I am happy as can be.”

Burnett smiled and said,
“Wheatley is the place to see
just how friendly we can be.”

Johnnie Mae and the twins
were so happy at the swing
that they did not see a woman
who had walked into the yard.

The woman had seen Burnett
help Johnnie Mae into the swing.
She had seen how polite they were.
She had heard what Burnett said
about Wheatley School.

The woman said to Burnett
“Why do you think Wheatley School
is a good place to be friendly?”

Burnett smiled at the woman.
He answered, “When we grow older,
we may write poems
as Miss Wheatley did.
We are too little now
to bring gifts of poems and music.

But we are not too little to be
good and kind to our friends.
Even when we are young,
we can bring gifts of love
to our school.”

“What a fine thought!”
the woman said.

“It makes me very happy
to find children like you.
We must know one another better.
I am the Jeanes Teacher.
My name is Miss Willa Green.
I, too, want to bring a gift
of love to your school.”





“We are glad you came today,”
said Betty.

“Miss Green, this is Johnnie Mae.
This is my twin, Burnett.
I am Betty.”

“How do you do, Miss Green,”
said Johnnie Mae and Burnett.

“Mrs. Johnson will want to see you, too,” Burnett said. “I will help you find her. Betty, will you swing Johnnie Mae while I am gone?”

“Oh, yes!” smiled Betty. “I will swing her very high if that will not make her cry.”

Johnnie Mae said, “Swing me high. That is fun! I will not cry.”

“Do not swing her too high. We do not want her to fall out or to be hurt,” said Burnett.

Then he and Miss Green walked away to find Mrs. Johnson.



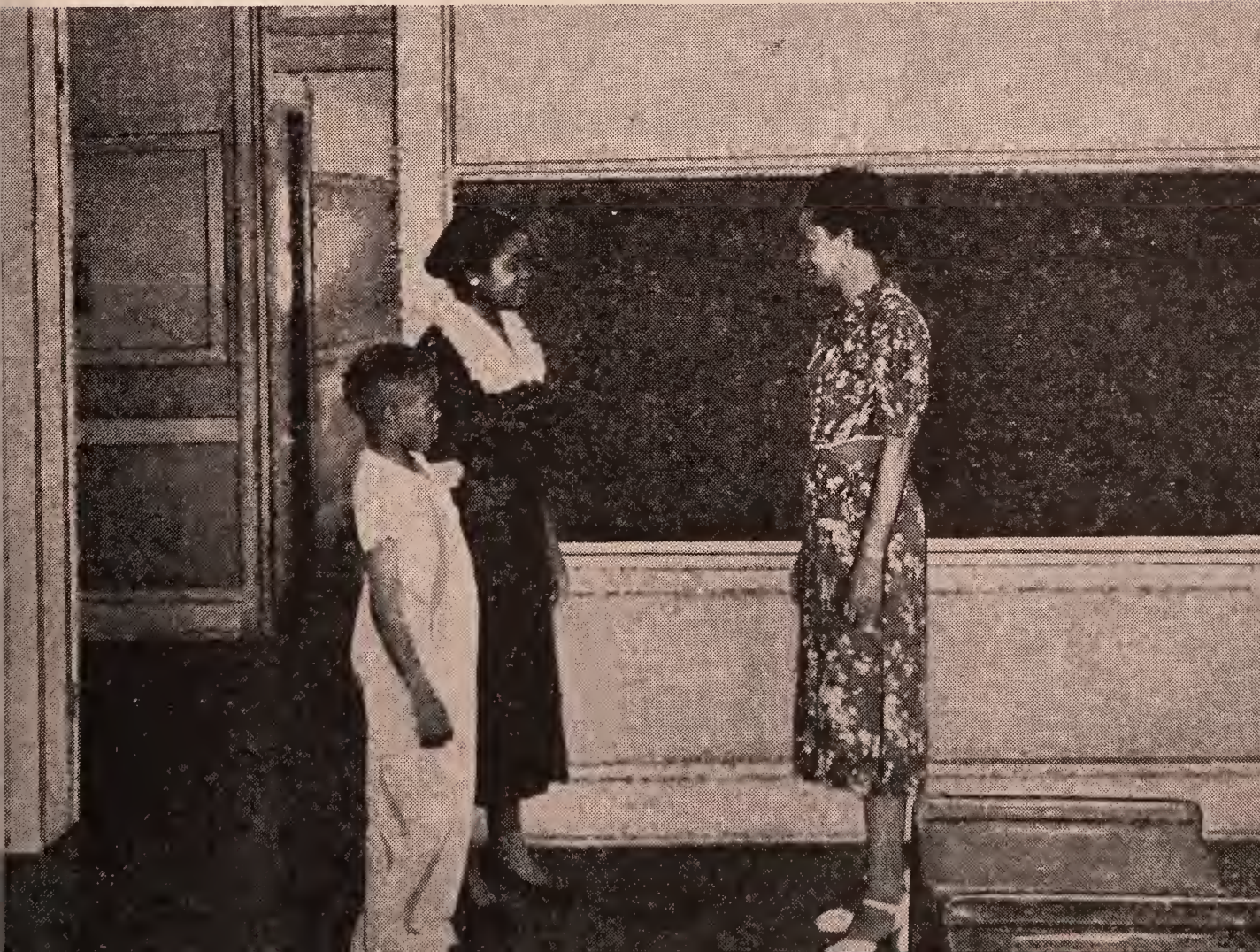
The Jeanes Teacher

Burnett said to his teacher,

“Mrs. Johnson, this is Miss Green.
Miss Green is the Jeanes Teacher.”

“We are glad you came to see us,”
smiled Mrs. Johnson.

“This is our first day at Wheatley.
We are all very happy today.”



“Thank you, Mrs. Johnson,”
answered Miss Green.

“I am glad I could come today.
Your boys and girls are so kind
and polite to one another.
I am very proud of your school.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Johnson.
“We know that a new school house
can not make a good school.
It takes fine boys and girls
to make a good school.
We are proud of our children.”

Just then, Burnett brought
Mr. Johnson into the room.

He said, “Miss Green,
this is our principal, Mr. Johnson.”

The Jeanes Teacher said,
“How do you do, Mr. Johnson.”



Then she looked at Burnett.

“You are a friendly, polite boy,
and I thank you,” she said.

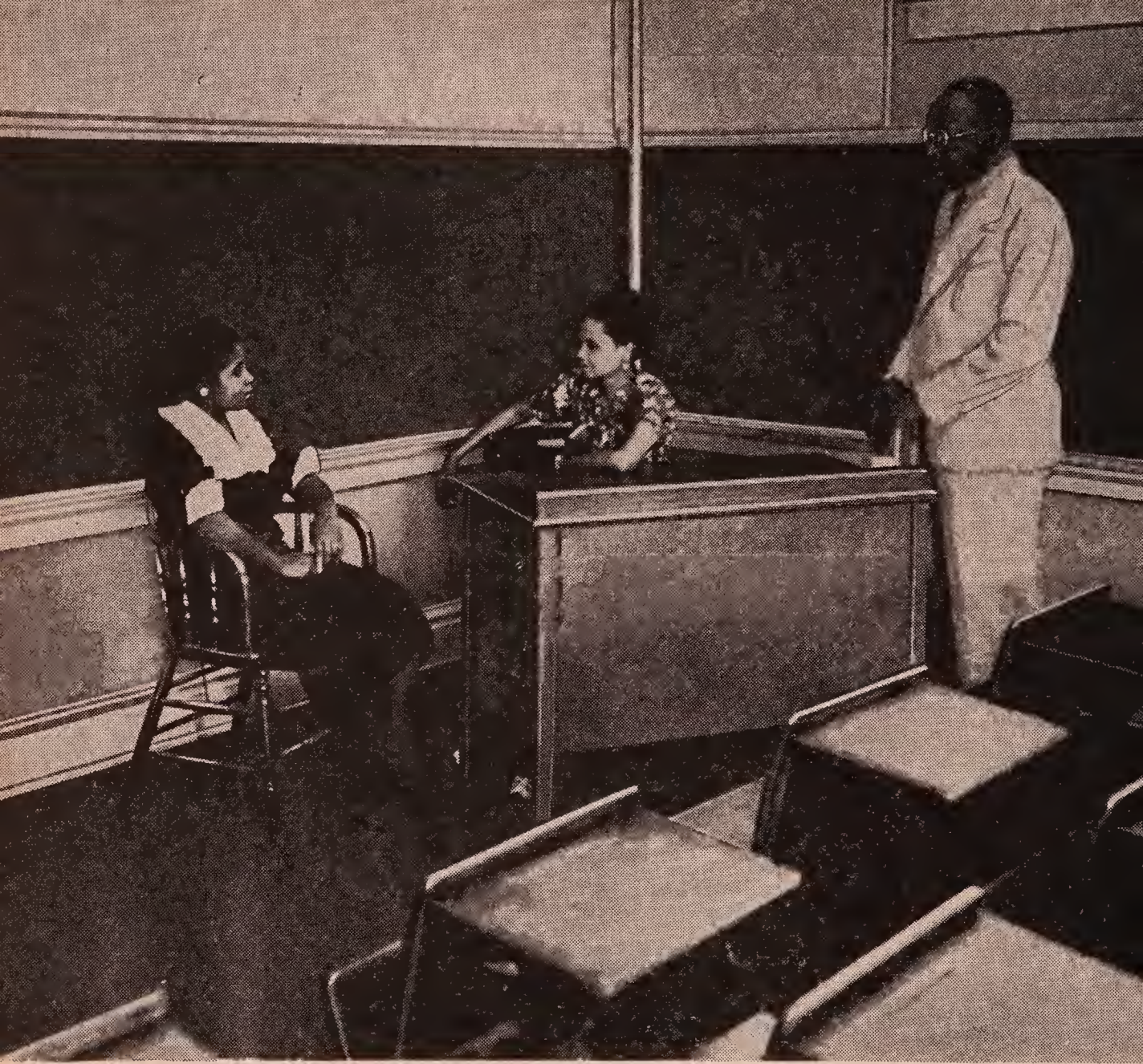
Burnett was pleased.

He said, “Thank you, Miss Green.
I always try to be polite
and friendly.”

There was a happy smile
on Burnett’s face
as he went back into the yard
to play with Betty and Johnnie Mae.

“I like to help people
who appreciate me,” he said.





Mr. Johnson and Miss Green
talked about the school.
They talked of things they might do
to make Wheatley a better school.

“We need many more books,”
Mr. Johnson told Miss Green.

“We need good stories
that tell of our own race.”

“Books with the right kind
of stories about our people,
are hard to find,” said Miss Green.
“Little children can not read
the stories we have.”

“That is true,” he replied.
“I know they are hard to find.
I have looked and looked.
I thought you might help us.”

“I will do all I can
to help you find some good books,”
the Jeanes Teacher said.

“We need pictures, too,”
added Mr. Johnson.
“First, we must have a picture
of Phillis Wheatley.”

“Yes,” said the Jeanes Teacher.
“You must have a good picture
of Phillis Wheatley.”

“But we do not have any money,”
Mr. Johnson told her.

“I will help you find a way
to make some money,” she answered.
“A Jeanes Teacher comes to help
in every way she can.”

“Have you thought of a plan
to help us make some money?”
asked Mr. Johnson.

“Oh, yes!” smiled Miss Green.



“I have thought of more than one plan to help you.”

Just then the bell called and all the boys and girls came into the school house.

Mr. Johnson asked Miss Green to talk to them about her plans to help Wheatley School.

The Jeanes Teacher talked about a fall garden. She told them how to make the fall garden.

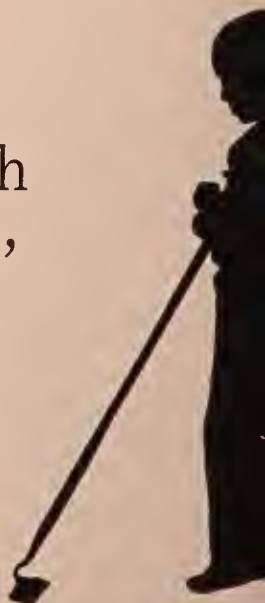
Then she took them out on the school ground and helped them find a place for the fall garden. The school yard was big. There was room for a good garden.

“When I come back next Friday,’
she told the boys and girls,
“I would like to talk
with your fathers and mothers.
They can help us make the garden.
They can help us put some food
from the garden, into cans.

“We might plan to have lunches
at school on cold days.
We could eat the food
from our fall garden.
We could have cookies, too,
with some good, sweet milk.

“Do you like the plan?
Will you work in the garden?
Do you think we can make enough
for some new books and pictures?”

“Oh, yes!” said the children.





“If you will help us, Miss Green,
we can make enough money
for our books and pictures.

“We will bring our mothers
and our fathers to school Friday.
You are a good friend to us.”

The Jeanes Teacher smiled,
“I want to be your good friend.
I shall be waiting for Friday,
when I can see you again.
Good-bye until Friday.”

And Miss Green went away.

ARE THESE RIGHT OR WRONG?

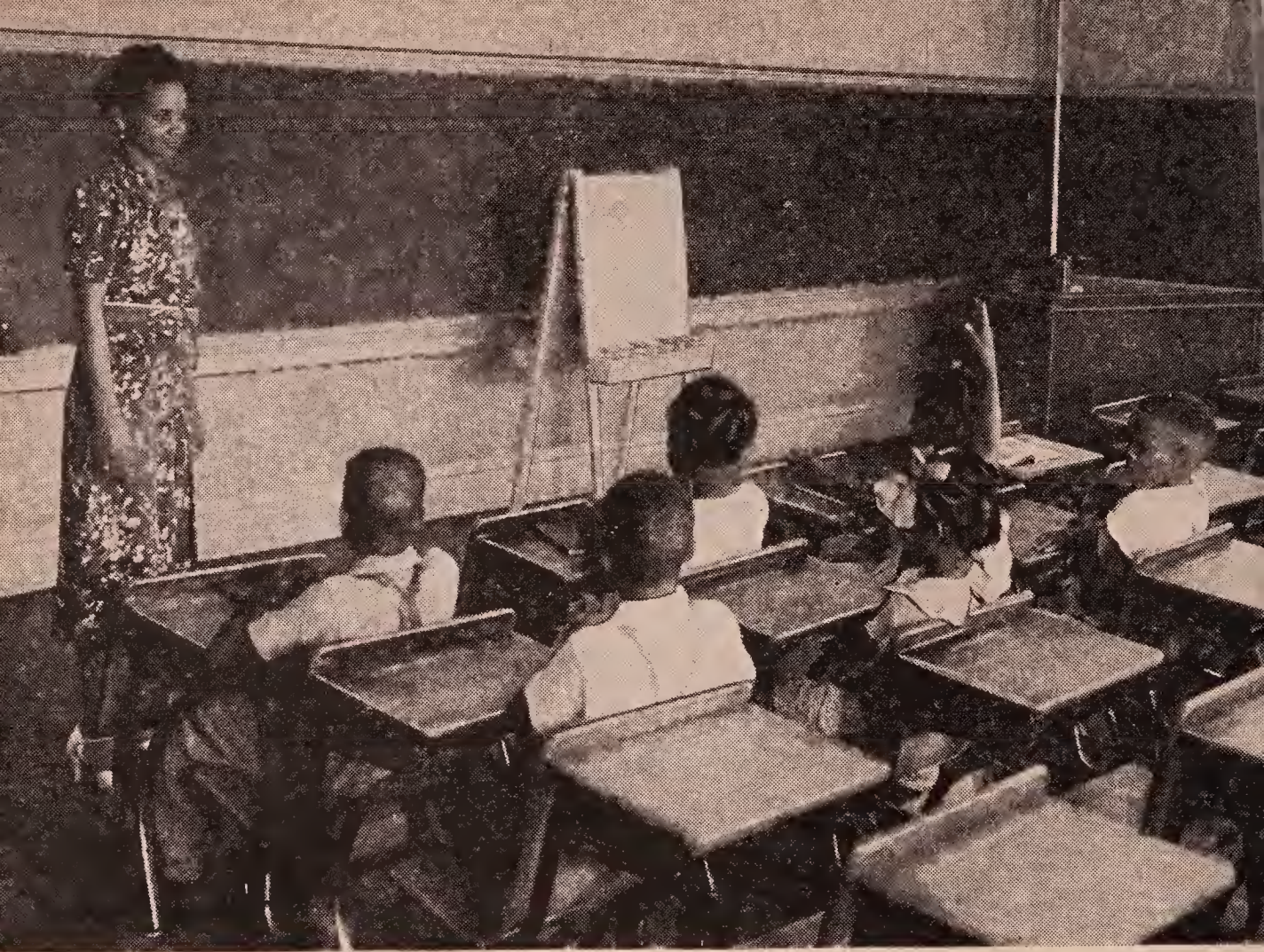
1. Mr. Johnson was the principal.
2. Burnett was a polite boy.
3. Johnnie Mae liked to swing high.
4. Betty was a kind little girl.
5. The Jeanes Teacher was proud of the children at Wheatley.
6. The Jeanes Teacher wanted to help Wheatley School.
7. Good books about Negro children are hard to find.
8. Miss Green thought of many plans to help Wheatley School.
9. Miss Green wanted the mothers and fathers to help the school.
10. Miss Green said she would come to talk with their mothers on Monday.

What Is a Jeanes Teacher?

After Miss Green had gone
some of the children wanted
to look at books.
Some wanted to cut out pictures.
Others wanted to draw and color.

But little Johnnie Mae
could not think of books.
She could not think of pictures.
She could not sit still.
She wanted to ask Mrs. Johnson
something.

Johnnie Mae had been told
that good little girls do not
talk too much in school.
She wanted to be a good girl.
But there was something



she must ask her teacher!
What could she do?

She saw her brother
put his hand up high.
Mrs. Johnson came to him
and they talked together.

“I will put my hand up high,”
thought Johnnie Mae.

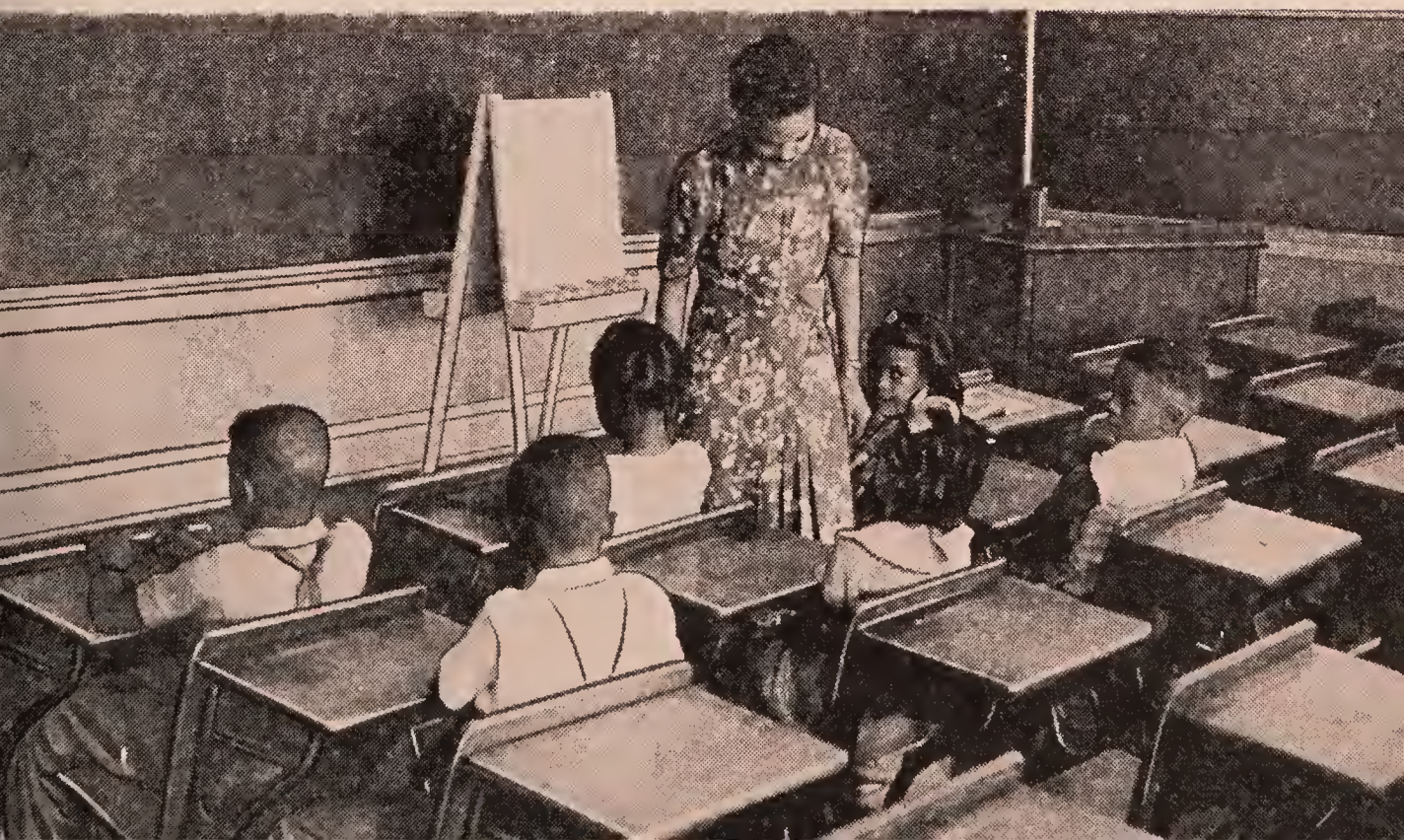
Mrs. Johnson saw her hand
and said in a kind voice,
“What do you want, Johnnie Mae?”

“Please, Mrs. Johnson,”
answered little Johnnie Mae,
“I must ask you something.”

“What is it?”
said Mrs. Johnson.

“Do not be afraid to ask.”

“Well,” said Johnnie Mae,



“What I want to ask is this:
WHAT IS A JEANES TEACHER?”

“Once there was a white woman
who had much more money
than she needed to use,”
Mrs. Johnson told Johnnie Mae.

“The woman was a friend
to poor Negro children.
She wanted to give some money
to help build better schools
and to bring better teachers
to these schools.
She wanted the money to be used
in the little country schools.

“The woman said,
‘Children who live in the towns
have good schools.
I want to help the children



who live on the farms
and go to the country schools.
They need some one
to look after them, too.'

"The woman was Miss Anna Jeanes.
The money Miss Jeanes gave
brings us our Jeanes Teacher.

"The Jeanes Teacher is one
who comes to the little school
and helps in every way she can.

"She helps us find a way
to have better school houses.
She shows us how to keep them
clean and beautiful.
She helps us make gardens.
She helps make money for books
and other things we need.



Miss Anna Jeanes
(84)

“The Jeanes Teacher shows
our mothers how to can food.
She often helps them make
clothes for their children.
She teaches us how to be
strong and well.

“The Jeanes Teacher is always
friendly with white people
as well as with colored people.
She goes about trying to make
friends for Negro schools.”

The First Jeanes Teacher

Miss Virginia Randolph
was the first Jeanes Teacher.

For twelve long years
she had worked in a little
one-room school in Virginia.
Because of the work she had done
in the little one-room school,
Miss Randolph was asked
to be the first Jeanes Teacher.

Miss Randolph often said,
“A child should learn to read.
He should learn to write.
He should learn to work, too.



A boy should not sit and wait just because he has no money to get fine things.

He should use the everyday things that are right at his own door.”

Miss Randolph wanted the mothers and fathers to know what their children did in school. She always read from the Bible and had prayer each morning. After the prayer, she often asked the mothers or fathers to talk to the children.

She asked one mother to bring her stove to school so that the children could learn to cook and to can food.

All the children





Miss Virginia Randolph

and the older people, too,
knew that Miss Randolph
was a good friend
as well as a good teacher.
That is why she was asked to be
the first Jeanes Teacher.

She began her work
as Jeanes Teacher in 1908.
She did so much in a little time
for the Negro schools of Virginia
that other people began to ask
for Jeanes Teachers.

Now there are more than
five hundred Jeanes Teachers
in this country.

Miss Randolph began her work
many years ago;
but she is still a Jeanes Teacher.

She has made friends for herself
and for the Negro schools.
She is loved by colored people
and by white people who know her.
She is loved by little children
and by their teachers, too.

Miss Anna Jeanes died
before she learned of the good
she had done for little children.
But Miss Randolph and the other
Jeanes Teachers, who come
to help our schools,
are Miss Jeanes' gift of good-will
to Negro boys and girls.



Letters

The next day after Miss Green had come to Wheatley School, Mrs. Johnson said to her children:

“What can we do to let our mothers and fathers know that we want them to come to school on Friday?”

“We can tell them,” said Betty.

“Yes, we can tell them,” said Burnett, “if we do not forget.”

“I think I shall write a letter to my mother and father,” Floyd told the class.

“I am afraid they will forget if I only tell them to come.”



“I am going to write to mother and ask her to come on Friday,” said Clara Bell.

“After I write a letter to Mother, I think I shall write another to the Jeanes Teacher,” she added.

“I want to tell Miss Green that I think her plans are fine, and that I like for her to come to our school.”

“Good!” smiled Mrs. Johnson.

“I will help you.

Children who come to Wheatley should learn to write letters.

“Phillis Wheatley once wrote a beautiful poem and a letter to George Washington.

Mr. Washington thought it was

a very fine letter.

No one can find the letter now;
but George Washington's answer
has been printed in many books.

“In his letter, Mr. Washington
told Phillis that he wanted
to have her poem printed.
He thanked her for the kind things
she had said about him,
and said he would like to see her



if she ever came near his home.”

“That must have been long ago,”
said Clara Bell.

“It was long ago,”
replied Mrs. Johnson.

“Paul Laurence Dunbar lived
long, long ago.

Phillis Wheatley lived almost
a hundred years before Mr. Dunbar.”

“My mother has a letter
that tells about her father’s
first school,” said Clara Bell.

“He wrote it long, long ago.”

“How I should love to see it!”
Mrs. Johnson said.

“Mother says the letter
is very dear to her,” said Clara.

“It is an old, old letter.
She takes good care of it.”

“Do you think she will
bring it to school?” asked Betty.

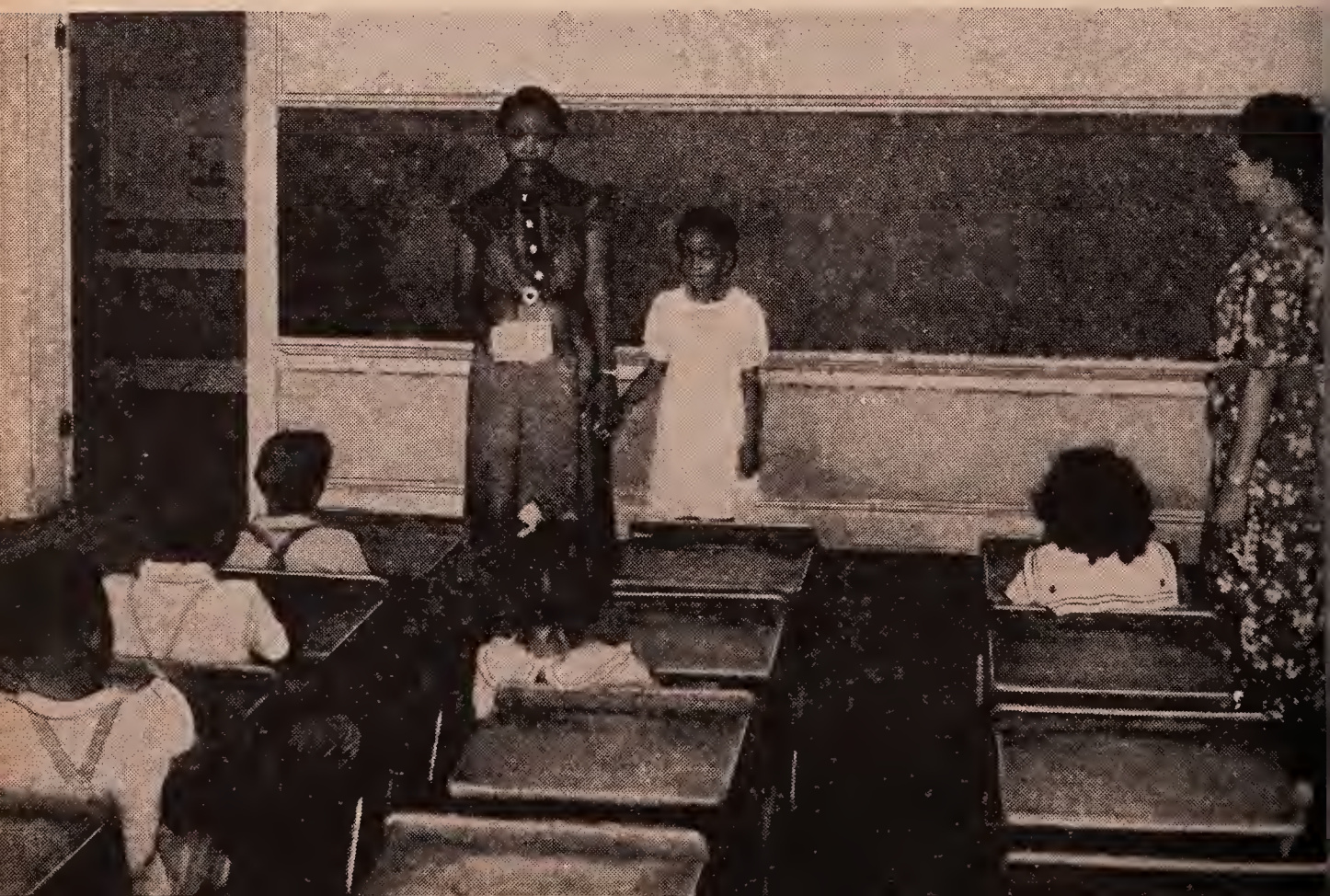
“Do you think she will let us
read it?” asked Burnett.

“I do not know,” said Clara Bell.
“I will ask her to bring it
to Wheatley for us to read.
I will ask her to come tomorrow.”

Clara Bell's Mother Comes to School

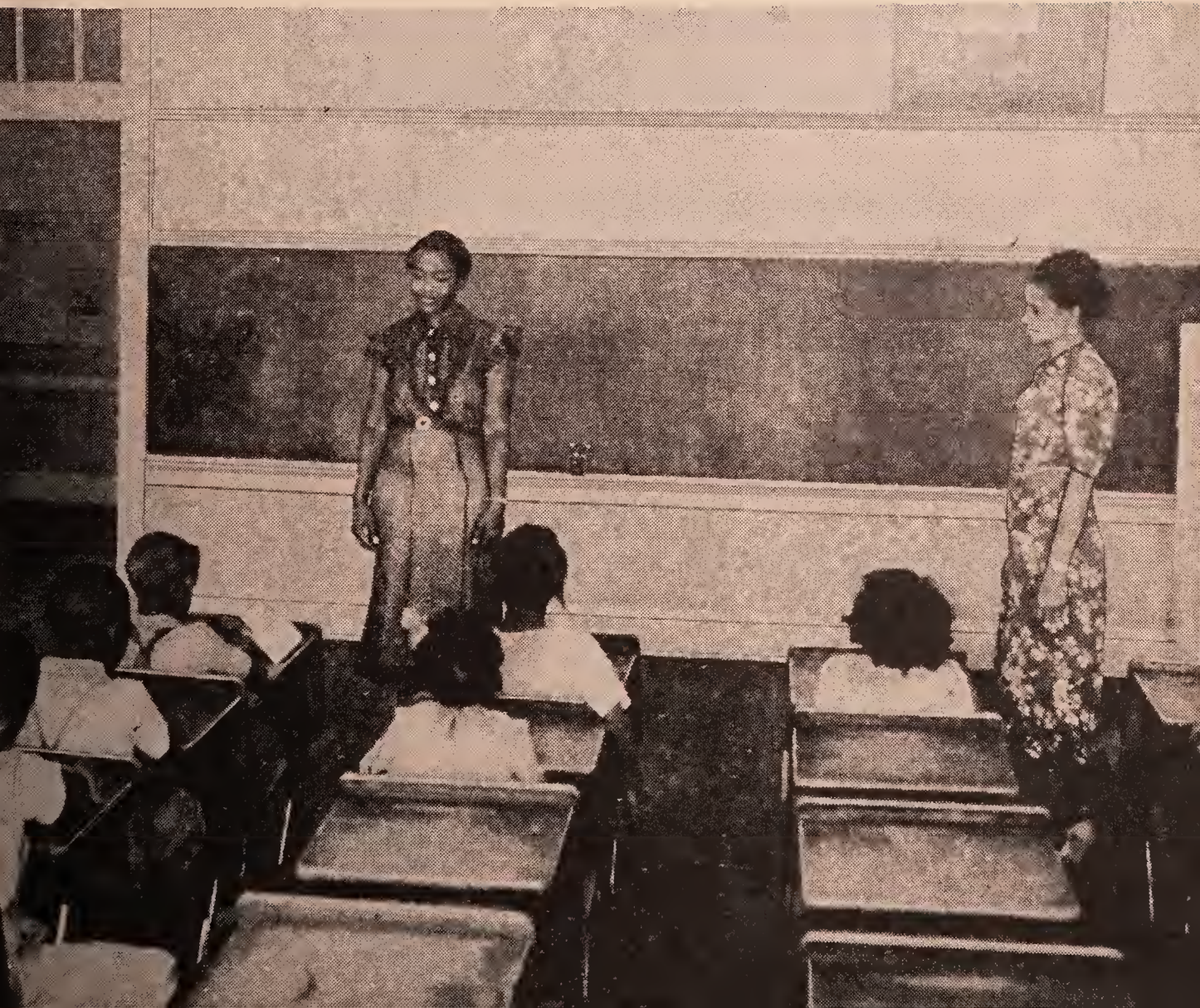
Clara Bell took her mother's arm
and stood before her school friends.
She looked at Mrs. Johnson
and at the boys and girls.
Then she said to them:

“This is my mother.
She has come to tell us
about the old, old letter.”



All the children smiled
and said "How do you do?"
to Clara Bell's mother.
Then they sat still and waited
to hear about the letter.

"Here is the letter,"
said Clara Bell's mother.
"It is almost as large as a book."



You may all look at it,
but please do not try to take it
out of the box.

It might fall into parts
because it is so very old.

“My father worked hard
to write this letter for me.
He wanted us to know how happy
we should be today
because we have good schools.

“I shall tell you the story
of how my father learned
to read and write.”



They Wanted to Read

Long after Phillis Wheatley
wrote her beautiful poems
and her letter to Mr. Washington,
many people of her race
and other men and women
who lived in the South,
could not read or write.

Some of them said,
“We do not have any schools.
We can not learn to read.
We can not learn to write.
But we can never be happy
until we learn to read and write.”

And they did not try
to help themselves.

Others said, “You are right.

We can never be happy
until we learn to read and write.
Oh, if we only had a teacher!"

When their white friends
in the South,
and their black friends
in the North,
saw how very much the Negro
men and women wanted to learn,
they began to help them.

They had no first readers.
They had no second readers.
Often, the Bible was the only book
they could find to study.

The Bible is a good book;
but it is hard to read.

The people said,



“We will try and try.
We will not give up hope.
We will learn to read
if our good friends will help us.”

They worked in the fields
and in the gardens all day long.
It was hard work.
At night they were very tired.

They said to one another,
“We will go to bed early.
We will have a good sleep.
Then we will not be so tired.
We will get up early tomorrow
and study before time to go
to the fields to work.”

Many of them did get up
before the light of day.

They tried to study their Bibles
before time to go to the fields.

That plan was not so good.
It was too early to study.
They were not well awake.
They had no good light
and it was too hard to see.
Their eyes began to hurt.
As soon as the light of day came
it was time to go to the fields.

“We can not study this way,”
they said.

They thought of a new plan.
They said, “We will try again.
We will make a big fire.
It will give us a better light.
Then our eyes will not hurt.”

They did build a big fire.

Many people came together
and sat near the fire.

They tried to read by the light
of the fire.

The fire was very hot.

It burned their hands and faces
but it did not give a good light.

Oh! Oh! How their poor eyes
did hurt them!

How tired they were the next day!

Still they would not give up.

They tried other plans.

Some tied their books on the plows
and tried to learn to read
as they worked in the fields.

This hurt their eyes, too.

They said, "The light is good;



but we can not read very well
while the plow is going.”

Next, they went into the woods.
They made a big, big fire.
They sat on the ground near it.

Men, women, boys and girls
studied together around the fire.
White men and women helped them.
Black men and women helped them.
Night after night, they studied.

It was hard work;
but there were no schools.
It was the only way they knew
to learn to read and write.

Before long, many of them
could read and write well.
They were glad they had found
a way to learn.

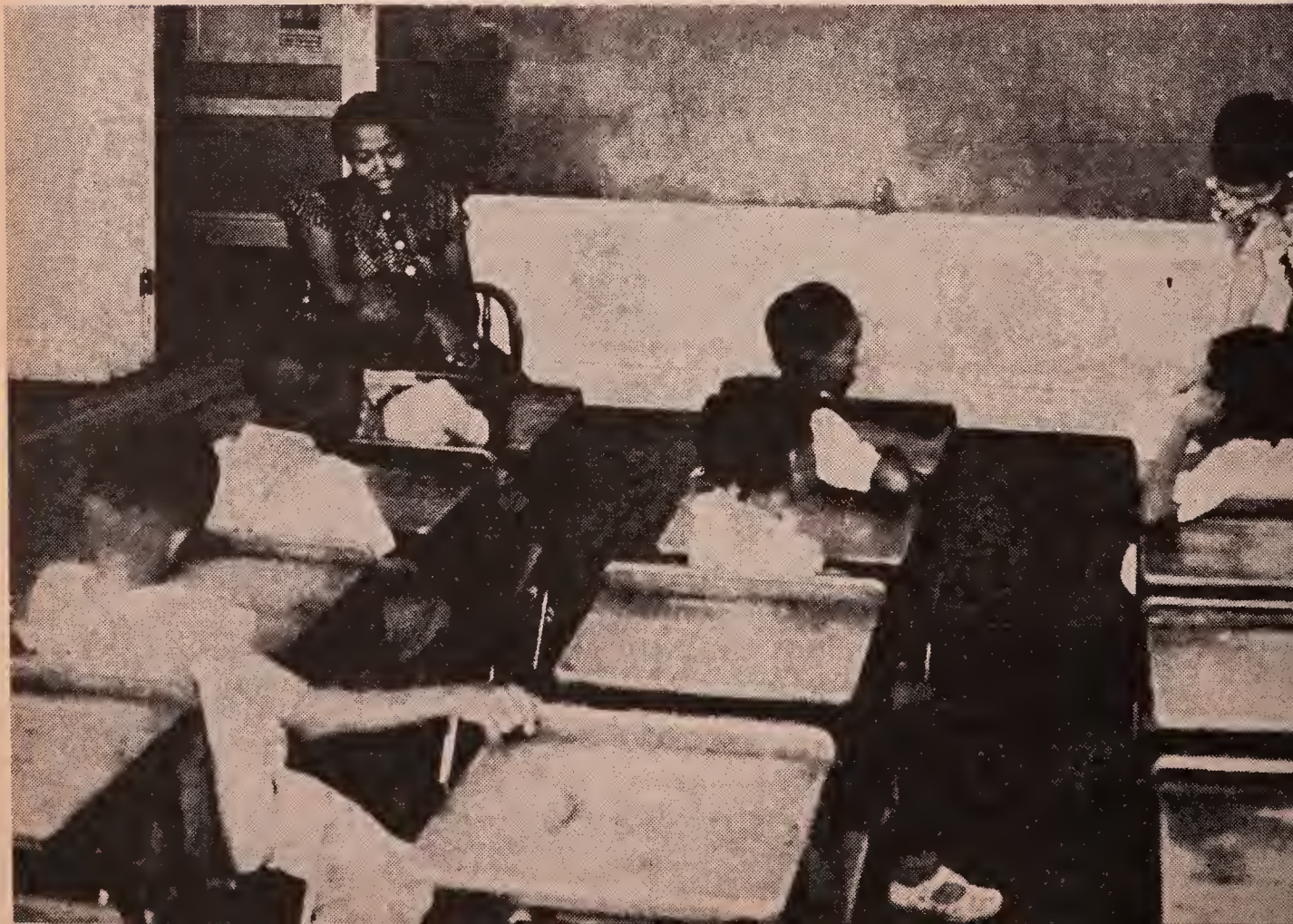
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

1. If you had no school
what would you do?
2. Could you learn to read
without a teacher?
3. Would you study at night
by the light of a fire?
4. Would you study at night
after you had worked hard
in the fields all day?
5. When you miss a day at school
do you study at home?
6. What books do you like to read?
7. Can you read the Bible?
8. Does your mother read to you?
9. Why do you want to learn
to read and write well?
10. Can you write a good letter?

We Are Proud

When Clara Bell's mother
had told the children
about her father's letter,
the boys and girls said:

“We thank you for the story.
It makes us very proud
to think of those men and women
who worked so hard to learn.



They were strong and brave.”

Clara Bell’s eyes were bright
as she said to her friends,
“It was my grandfather who wrote
that letter.

I am glad he was my grandfather!”

Betty added,
“Those brave men and women
were people of our race.
I am glad I am a Negro!”

Burnett told his class,
“I hope I can always be as brave
as they were.”

Floyd said, “Father was talking
to Johnnie Mae and me
about my grandfather’s school.
It was not even as good
as Father’s old log school house.”

“Our first schools in the South were very poor schools,”

said Mrs. Johnson.

“The children and the teacher sat on logs and boxes.

They had no chairs and desks.

How tired their backs were after a long day at school!

They found it very hard to study sitting on a log all day.”

“I would not like to sit on a log all day,” said Betty.

“I would not like to sit on a box all day,” said Betty.

“It would make my back tired. I could not study that way.”

“The floors in their schools were not like our floors,”



Clara Bell added.

“Some were made of old boards.
Most of them were dirt floors.”

“Think of a house with dirt
for a floor!” said Johnnie Mae.

“It would not be very neat,”
replied Mrs. Johnson.

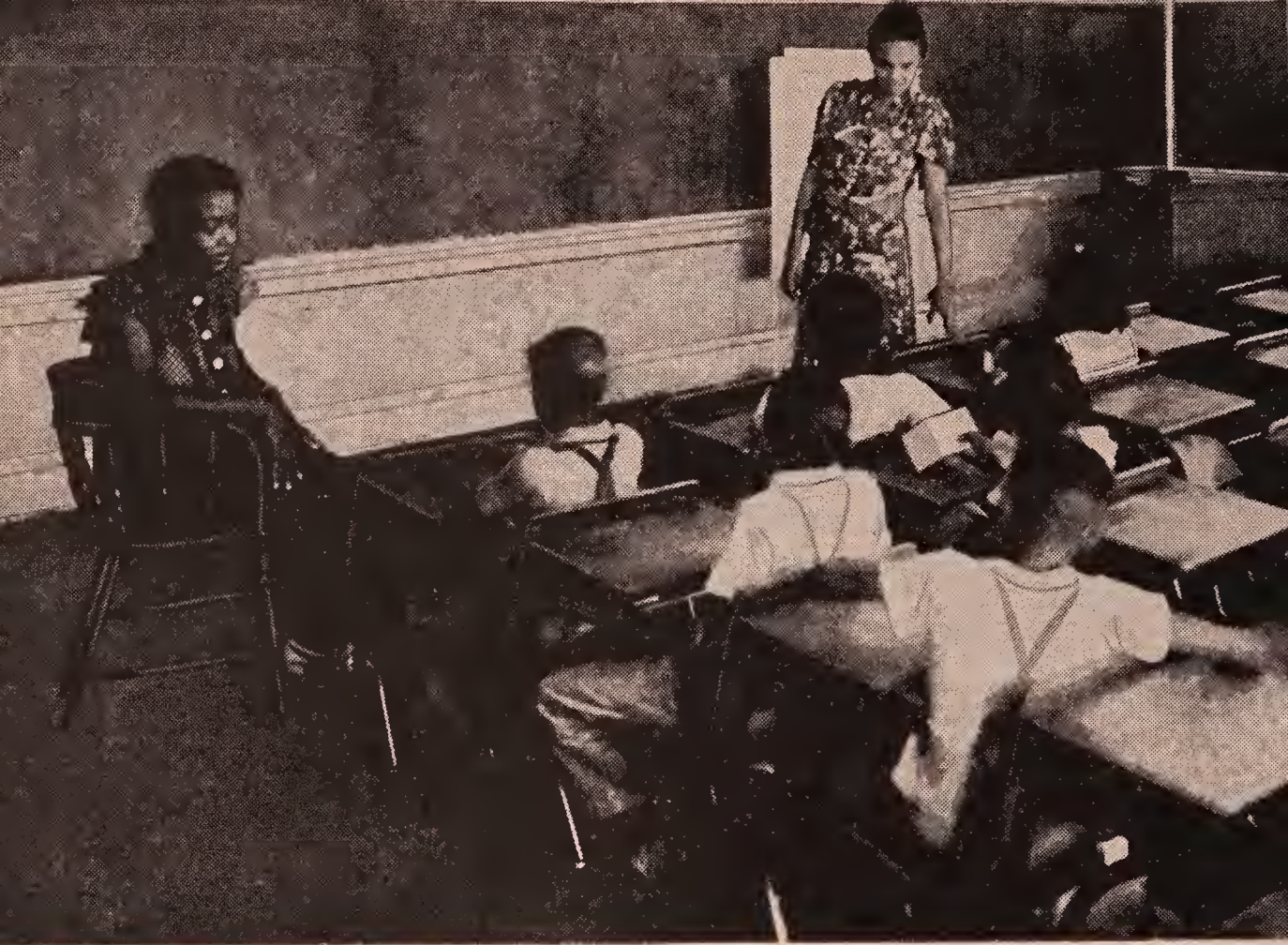
“Such a floor would not help
to make us strong and well.”

“I like our clean floors,”
said Betty.

“I am going to try to keep
our floors clean,” said Burnett,
as he took some paper from the floor
near his chair.

Mrs. Johnson said,
“Schools in your grandfathers’ time





were not like our schools
in a great many ways.

“We have only little children
in the first grade.

They had men and women
in the first grade, too.

The older men and women
studied with the little children.”

“We have pretty books,”

added Clara Bell's mother.

"They did not have pretty books."

"But they wanted pretty books and good school buildings,"

said Mrs. Johnson.

"They worked to build better schools."

"It took them a long time to earn money enough to build pretty houses like Wheatley," said Burnett.

"Yes," answered Betty.

"It took them a long time to make friends with such people as Miss Anna Jeanes.

Friends are better than money."

"We have good schools now because our people wanted them

and worked together to get them,”
said Mrs. Johnson.

“We must always appreciate
what our race has done for us.”

The children sat very still.

At last Clara Bell said,
“I am proud of our people.
They had a very hard time.
But nothing could make them
stop trying to help themselves
to better things.
I want to be like them.”

Mrs. Johnson said,
“That is a fine thing to say;
so keep working away;
and at work or at play,
just be happy each day.”

Floyd said, “I am proud, too.



But it is time for lunch,
and I am so hungry!”

“It is time for lunch,”
cried Betty and Burnett.



As the children went to lunch
Mrs. Johnson heard Johnnie Mae say,
“Our floors are clean and neat.
Our rooms are big and cool.

We like our chairs and books.
We like our Wheatley School.”

Clara Bell’s mother smiled.
Mrs. Johnson said to her,
“When our children grow older
they will learn that we can not
know a good woman or a good man
by the color of his face.”

Clara Bell’s mother replied,
“You are right, Mrs. Johnson.
It is how we think,
and what we do,
and what we feel in our hearts,
that makes us strong and brave
and good and true!”

CAN YOU TELL?

1. What do you like best
about your school?
2. Have you seen a school house
with dirt floors?
3. What would you do
if your school had no chairs?
4. What would you do
if your school had no books?
5. How do you take care
of your school house?
6. How do you take care
of your books and pencils?
7. Why are you proud
of your mother and father?
8. Why are you proud
of your home?
9. What have you done for
your home?

The Jeanes Teacher Helps Floyd

One day when Miss Green came to Wheatley, Floyd said, "I have a friend in town who thinks farm life is too hard. I do not think farm life is hard. Do you, Miss Green?"

"I think farm life is fun!" laughed Miss Green.



“But there are people
who like to live in town,”
added the Jeanes Teacher.
“We should all make our homes
where we can do our best work.
That is one thing freedom means.

“Freedom gives us the right
to find the kind of work
we can do best.

“Freedom gives us the right
to keep the money we earn
and to use it for ourselves
and our own people.

“Freedom gives us the right
to study and to learn,
to read and to rest,
to play and to be happy
when our work is done.”

“I like to work on our farm,”
Floyd told the Jeanes Teacher.

“I like to play there, too.
We have such good times
on our farm!”

“I am sure you do,”
answered Miss Green.

“But Harold thinks we have
no time to play,” said Floyd.
“He thinks we do nothing
but work and work all day.
He thinks we are too tired to play.”

“You should ask your friend
to come to your home
and stay all day with you,”
said Miss Green.

“You can show him
what good times you have.”





“Thank you,” replied Floyd.
“I shall talk to mother
when I go home today.
If mother will let me,
I shall ask him to come Saturday.
You are a good helper, Miss Green.”

Fun on the Farm

It was Saturday morning.

Harold and Floyd were on the farm.

Floyd said to his mother,

“May we feed the big pig?

I think I hear him calling:

‘Wee, wee, wee!

I am hungry as can be.

Wee, wee, wee!

Will you please feed me?’ ”



“Pigs are not very clean,”
Floyd told Harold.

“They would just as soon
take a bath in dirty water
as in clean water.

We clean this pig’s house often,
but it will not stay clean.”

Harold laughed and said,
“When I play in the dirt
my mother sometimes says to me,
‘Go and take a good bath.
You are as dirty as a pig!’
I shall think of this big pig
the next time I play in the dirt.
I shall try to keep clean.
I do not want to be as dirty
as this pig.”

“Look!” cried Floyd,

“Here comes Spot,
Trot, trot, trot!”

“Let us feed Spot, too,”
said Harold.

“What does he like to eat?”

“Spot likes meat,” Floyd said.

“He likes clean, cool water, too.”





“There is our cow,” said Floyd.
“She gives us good, sweet milk.
She seems to say: .

‘Moo-o! Moo-o!

I see you.

I am hungry, too.

Moo-o Moo-o!’ ”

Harold laughed, “You feed the cow,
and the cow helps to feed you.”

“What a pretty cat!”

said Harold. “What will she say?”

Floyd smiled and answered,

“I think the cat will say,

‘Mew, mew, mew!

I want something, too.

Mew, mew, mew!

A little milk will do.’ ”



Floyd and Harold went from one animal to another. They gave them all something to eat. The animals could not talk; but Harold was sure they wanted to say thank you for the good things to eat.

“I did not know it was such fun to live on a farm,” said Harold. “I like to feed the animals. This is not hard work.”

“Just wait!” laughed Floyd. “The best time will come when we have our breakfast.”

“Oh, I am so hungry!” Harold said.

The boys washed their hands. Then they sat down to eat.



What a fine breakfast!
There was sweet milk.
There were eggs and meat.
There were bread and butter.
“Your mother is a good cook,”
Harold said to Floyd.
“This is such a good breakfast!”



After breakfast, Mrs. White
and Johnnie Mae washed the dishes.
Then they made the beds.

Floyd said, “I will churn
for you, Mother.”

“May I help churn?” asked Harold.

Floyd let Harold help churn.
Up and down, up and down,
went Harold’s hand.

“Where is the butter?”



Harold wanted to know.

“It is in the milk,” said Floyd.
“We churn it and churn it
until little parts of butter
begin to come on the milk.
Then, in a little while,
we take the butter from the milk.”

“May I look in the churn?”
asked Harold.

“I have never helped churn before.”

“You may look, if you will
take care not to let any dirt
fall into the churn,” Floyd said.

“Oh!” cried Harold.

“I see little spots of butter
on the milk.

The milk is white.

The butter is a pretty yellow.

How good it looks!”

Soon, Mrs. White came
and took the butter from the churn.
She put it into a white dish.

“Run out and find me some eggs,”
Mrs. White said to Floyd.
“I want to cook something good.”

Floyd found the eggs.
Then he and Harold looked
at Mr. White’s fine garden.





They looked at the flowers
in the yard.

They sat on the pretty green grass
to rest when they were tired.

A bird in the big tree
sang them a happy song.

At last Harold said,
“I think I have been wrong
about the hard life on the farm.
The sun seems to smile
on the trees and the flowers.
I have had fun today.
I like the farm.”

Johnnie Mae Plays with Clay

One day when the sun was bright,
Johnnie Mae and her mother
sat in their cool yard and talked.

As they talked, Johnnie Mae
took some clay from the ground.
She pressed the clay this way
and that way.
Before long it looked like
a little box.

Johnnie Mae pressed the clay
again and again.
Soon it was a pretty little dish.
She showed it to her mother.

Mrs. White said to her,
“You surprise me, Johnnie Mae.
You must have a gift with clay.”



“I just love to play with clay,”
answered little Johnnie Mae.

“See! The pretty dish is gone.
Here is a little bird.”

“It is a pretty bird,”
replied her mother.

“It looks as if it wanted to sing.”

“I will put it back in the box,”
laughed Johnnie Mae.

She pressed the clay again.
The pretty little bird was gone.

“When did you learn to do this?”
asked her mother.

“I do not know,” said she.
“I think I have always liked
to play with clay.”

Her mother sat very still
with a far-away look in her eyes.
After a while she said,
“Johnnie Mae, have you ever heard
of a woman named Edmonia Lewis?
She liked to work with clay, too.”

“No, Mother,” said Johnnie Mae.
“I have never heard of her.

Tell me about Edmonia Lewis.
I will make a little clay chair
as you talk.”

“Yes, work away, Johnnie Mae.”
said her mother.

“I will tell you of the child
who lived far out in the country
in a house made of animal skins.
I will tell you of the girl
who had faith in the Great Spirit.”

Edmonia Lewis

Once there was a poor girl.
When she was very young,
her mother and father died.
Then she had no mother,
no father, and no home.

Some kind Indians took her
to live far out in the country.

The Indians did not have
the kind of houses we have.
They lived in tepees.
Tepees are made from skins
of animals.

The Indians killed the animals
and used their skins for houses.

The Indians had no schools.
There were no books to read.

Edmonia played in the woods
with the animals that came
near the tepees.

The animals learned to love
the little girl.

They learned that she would not
hurt them.

They thought of her as a friend.

Edmonia often talked to them.
She thought the animals answered.
If she talked in a low voice
they often came very near her.
Sometimes they even let her
put her hand on them.

Edmonia learned to love them.
She learned to love the trees,
the bright flowers, the birds,
and the singing water.

The Indians told her stories
that made all these seem like
living friends.

Edmonia loved to hear
the stories the Indians told.
Best of all, she loved
the story of the Great Spirit.

Many times she thought she saw
the face of the Great Spirit
in the stones on the ground.
It was a brave, strong face.
It made the little girl happy.

By the time Edmonia was
a young woman,
the trees had been cut away,
and towns had come near
the animal-skin tepees.

Edmonia heard of schools.

She saw some books.

She wanted to learn to read.

One day she went to town.

She saw something that looked like a stone man.

Edmonia looked at it a long time.

She walked all around it.

At last she said,

“I, too, can make a stone man.”

Edmonia found friends in town who helped her go to school.

She liked her school.

She was glad to learn to read.

She read many books.

But she could not forget how much she wanted to make a stone man.

She could find no rest
until she learned how to make
the stone man.

At last a good friend
helped her to find a teacher.
Edmonia asked the teacher,
“Can you show me how to make
a stone man?”

The teacher gave her some clay
and something that looked like
a man's foot.

He said to Edmonia,
“Go home and make that.”

Edmonia went home.
She pressed the clay this way
and that way.
She looked at the foot.
Then she pressed the clay again.

At last she thought the clay
looked like the foot.

She took the clay foot
to her new teacher.
He looked at the foot.
He looked at Edmonia's clay foot.

Then he broke the clay
on which Edmonia had worked hard,
into many little parts.
He said to her,
"Go home and try again."

The poor young woman
was ready to cry.
She had worked so hard to make
the foot look right.
But she went home and tried
once more.

The man broke her clay again.

He told her to make the foot better.

This time, Edmonia did cry.
But no one knew she cried.

At last Edmonia said to herself,
“I CAN make a good stone foot.
But I can not work in town.
I will go into the woods to work.
I can find peace under the trees.
The voice of the Great Spirit
will come to me there.
It will give me back my faith.”

And she went back to find



peace in the woods she loved.

Out there, under the trees
with the voice of the Great Spirit
to help her,
Edmonia made another clay foot.
This one pleased her teacher.

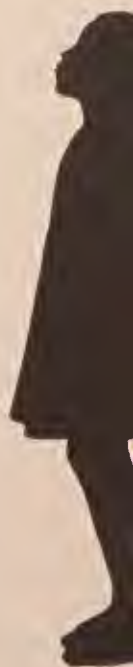
Before long, Miss Lewis made
her first stone man.
It was a statue of John Brown,
a white man who gave his life
trying to help the colored race.

Then she made other statues.
Edmonia must have been very near
to the Great Spirit
when she made Forever Free.
Forever Free is the statue
of a Negro woman who has found
freedom.

Miss Lewis sold some of her work
and earned enough money
to go across the sea to Rome.

Rome is a big town far from here.
Miss Lewis built a home in Rome.
Most of her work is there now.

Miss Lewis was one of the first
Negro women to work with stone
and clay, in this country.
Any child who wants to work
with stone or clay
should not forget Edmonia Lewis
and her faith in the Great Spirit.



Going to Sunday School

It was Sunday morning.

Clara Bell and her mother
were going to Sunday School.

Clara Bell had a big red apple.
The apple was for her teacher
at Sunday School.

Clara Bell loved her teacher.



All at once Clara Bell stopped.
A bird was singing
in the tall green tree
under which she was standing.

“Oh, Mother!” said Clara Bell.
“Let us be very, very still
and hear the bird’s song.
How beautiful it is!”

They stood under the tree.
They were very, very still.
They looked for the bird.
They could not see him.

The bird could see them,
but he was not afraid.
He knew they must be friends.
Only friends stood so still
when he sang his songs.
It made him happy to find friends.

He thought, "This little girl
will not come up the tree
and try to hurt me.
I will sing my best songs for her."

He sang and sang and sang.

Clara Bell and her mother
stood under the tree a long time.
At last her mother said,
"Come, Clara Bell, we must go
to Sunday School.
If we stay here any longer
we shall not be on time."

"I do not want to miss
the songs at Sunday School,"
said Clara Bell.
"We must try to be on time."

Clara Bell looked up
into the tree once more.

She said, "Here, little bird.
You may have this red apple.
I can take another apple
to my teacher next Sunday."



Then she broke the apple
and put it on the green grass.

"Here is a good lunch for you,"
she said to the little bird.

"I can not see you in the tree
but I love your pretty song.
Thank you, thank you, little bird."

"I am glad you are kind,"
said Clara Bell's mother
as they walked under the trees
on their way to Sunday School.

"How could I be any other way?"
asked Clara Bell.

"Phillis Wheatley saw God's love



in the green of the trees
and the bright color of the flowers.
God must have made the birds
and the animals, too.

No one should ever be unkind
to the things God has made.”

“What a beautiful thought!”
said her mother.

“I am glad we named our school
for Phillis Wheatley.”

“I am glad, too,”

Clara Bell answered.

“We might never have learned about Phillis Wheatley if our school had been called by another name.”

Clara Bell and her mother walked hand in hand.

They did not talk for some time. Their faces showed that they were thinking happy thoughts.

Far away, they could hear the little bird still singing his happy song.

Then Clara Bell began to talk,

“Since I have learned about the gift of faith and beauty which Miss Wheatley brought to us,

I appreciate many things
more than I did before.

“I see beauty in the woods,
and in the fields and gardens.
I hear beauty in the call
of birds and animals.
I hear beauty in the voices
of people, old and young.

“Most of all, I have learned
to love the music of our race.
I was thinking about our music
just before the bird began to sing.
I hope we shall sing many songs
at Sunday School this morning.”

“I love good music, too,”
said Clara Bell’s mother.
“I like to sing at Sunday School.”

“Something in my heart
makes me feel very happy
when all the parts sing at once,”
Clara Bell added.

“Some parts are high; some are low.
Some parts say one thing,
and some say another.
But they all work together
to make the music more beautiful.”

“That is true,” said her mother.

“The music is more beautiful
when many parts sing at once.
Our people have a gift
for singing parts together.”

“Our own songs are best,”

Clara Bell told her mother.

“They always tell a story.

They make me feel sure

that God loves us
and will take care of us."

"Yes," added her mother.
"Our songs were made
to help us tell how we feel
about God's love and care.
They came from the very hearts
of our people
as they worked and prayed
day after day, night after night,
on the big farms of the South."

"I did not know that, Mother,"
cried Clara Bell.

"And our songs have helped
our people in many ways,"
added her mother.
"They seem to have lifted us
near to our God.

They have made us better.
They have helped us to forget
some of the hard, hard years.
They have taught us faith and hope.
They have found friends for us.
Every one loves our songs.”

Clara Bell asked,
“Is music our gift to America?”

“Yes,” answered her mother.
“Music is one of our very great
gifts to America.”

Then she added,
“Our songs have even helped
to build great schools for us.”

“Why, Mother!” cried Clara Bell.
“How could our songs help
to build schools for us?”



“That is a long story,”
smiled her mother.
“I will tell you about it
another time.
Here we are at Sunday School.”

HELPS FOR YOU

The next story tells about some Negro boys and girls who worked with a white man to make beautiful music.

Clara Bell's mother was talking of these people when she said, "Our songs have even helped to build great schools for us."

When you have read the story see if you can tell:

1. How the Jubilee Singers Worked
2. Where They Went to Sing
3. What the Jubilee Singers Did with Their Money
4. How Music Helped to Build a Great Negro University

The Jubilee Singers

More than a hundred years
after Phillis Wheatley came
with her gift of faith and beauty,
some men in the Southland said,
“We will build a university
for Negro boys and girls.”

They had very little money
for such a school.
They used what they could get.

It was a poor school.
It had no fine buildings.
There were no pretty pictures.
There were no big, cool rooms.
There was not even a place



to study music, or to sing
their beautiful songs together.

Some of the teachers
in the new school were white.
One of them was a man named
George White.

Mr. White learned to love
the Negro boys and girls.
He liked to help them grow
into fine men and women.

Mr. White taught a class
at Sunday School, too.
Five young Negro women
and four young Negro men
were in his Sunday School class.



These young men and women
were very poor.

They had always worked hard
on the big farms.

How they did appreciate their school!
They loved Mr. George White.
They were sure that he loved them.

Mr. White liked good music.
He taught the young people
many songs.
He often sang with them.
They liked to sing with Mr. White.

To be sure, Mr. White's songs
were not like their own songs.
The young people sang them

as well as they could
because they wanted to please
their teacher.

One day Mr. White was called
away from his class for a while.
When he came back,
they were singing together.
The song was new to Mr. White.
He thought it was beautiful.

Mr. White stood still
while the young people sang.
Then he said to them,
“That is a new song.
I have never heard it before.
Where did you learn it?”

“We did not learn it,”
the young people told him.



We have been singing it always.
It is not a new song.”

“Will you sing the song again?”
asked Mr. White.

They sang the old, old song
once more.

Mr. White said to them.
“That is a beautiful song.
Do you know more old songs?”

The young people sang
a great many old songs for him.

Mr. White was pleased.
He said to the singers,
“This is a great surprise.

Your songs are not like
any other songs I have ever heard.
They tell a story of faith.
They lift my thoughts to God.
I want a great many people
to hear your beautiful songs.”

“Oh, our old songs
are only Negro songs,”
the young people told him.
“We like your new songs.
We did not mean to let you hear
our old Negro songs.
We were just happy,
and the first thing we knew,
the songs began to sing themselves.”

“That is not the right way
to think about your music,”
answered Mr. White.



“You should be proud of those songs.”

“Oh, no!” his class replied.

“They are too old to be pretty.

Why, even our mothers and fathers
can sing those old songs.”

Then Mr. White told his class,

“We often live with people
and songs and many other things
for a long, long time
without knowing how beautiful
and great, and good, they are.
We do not appreciate what we have.
We always look for something new,
never knowing that the old
is often the best.

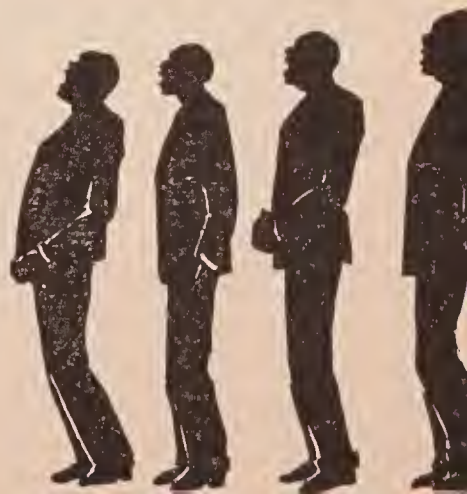
“That is why you feel as you do

about your own music.

“Those are great songs.
You must learn to appreciate them.
They must live always.
You must make them live.
Many people must hear them.
They are a true gift to America.”

Mr. White's kind talk
made the young people happy.
To be sure, they loved their songs;
but they wanted to please Mr. White.
They had thought he wanted them
to like his songs best.

After that day, the young people
always sang some of their own songs
at Sunday School.



One day Mr. White said
to his boys and girls
“Our university does not grow.
We have no new buildings.
We do not have enough money.
We need more young men and women.

“There are many people who want
to go to a good university.
They have not heard of our school.
We must do something to help.
I have a plan.
Will you work with me?”

The young people answered,
“Yes, we will work with you.
We want to help our school grow.
How can we help?
Tell us what you want us to do.”

Then Mr. George White
and his Sunday School class
sat down together to make plans.

For two long years,
they talked about their plans.
For two long years,
they prayed about their plans.
For two long years,
they worked together
to make their singing
as beautiful as they could.

They sang every day.
Colored people heard them.
White people heard them.
Every one liked their singing.
Every one wanted to hear them sing
again and again.



The Jubilee Singers

Before long, many people
who had studied music for years
said to one another:

“Have you heard the singers
from the Negro school?
They sing a new kind of music.
It is very beautiful.
You must hear them sing.”

Men and women, boys and girls,
came from the farms and towns
to hear the young people sing
their old, old songs.

“This is a new way
to sing these old, old songs,”
they said.

“It is very beautiful.”

Then one day, Mr. White
called his singers together again
and talked with them.

“We have prayed together.
We have made plans together.
We have worked together.
We have worked very hard.
Our work has been good.
Our prayers have been answered.

“Now the time has come
for us to go away from home.
We must carry our songs
into other parts of our country.
Will you go away with me
and sing for people far from here
to help our university?”

“Yes,” the young people answered,
“We will do what you think is best.”

Mr. White took the four young men
and the five young women with him.
They went away to the North
to sing their beautiful songs.

At first, the people in the North
made fun of the Negro singers
because they had no pretty clothes.

The poor young people
had no money for clothes.
They had not been thinking
about their clothes.
They had been thinking
of their music and their school.



They said to one another,
“We will not stop if people laugh.
We will try to forget our clothes.
We will help others forget them.
We will make our singing
so very beautiful
that people can think of nothing
but our music.”

And that is just what they did.
They sang of freedom.
They sang of God’s great love
for all his children.
Their songs came from the heart.
No one could think of clothes
while these young people sang.

One of their songs was called
“The Year of Jubilee.”
Because they sang it so well,

and because every one liked it
so very, very much,
Mr. White called his young people
THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

Mr. White always talked
to those who came to hear
the Jubilee Singers.
He told them about the school
in the Southland.
He said, "We want to help
our little school to grow
into a big university."

The men and women who heard
the Jubilee Singers
wanted to help the school, too.
They gave the Jubilee Singers
money for their school.

How the university did grow!
Soon there was a new building.
It was called Jubilee Hall.
There were pretty music rooms
with bright, clean floors.
There were big, cool classrooms.
There were beautiful pictures.
There were many books to read.

Men and women began to come
to Fisk University,
to learn how to teach school.
Others came to study the Bible.
Some came to study music.
Others came to learn many things.
Many people came to Fisk
just to sing the beautiful songs.

The Jubilee Singers always
gave the money they earned



Jubilee Hall

to their school.

Soon there was enough money
for more buildings
and more good teachers.

The Jubilee Singers did more
than earn money for their school.
They made friends for their race.
Money, without true friends,
can not build a great university.

At last, people far, far away
heard about the Jubilee Singers
and asked them to come there.

The Jubilee Singers went
across the sea on a big ship
to sing and to make friends



in another land.

But they did not forget Fisk
while they were away.

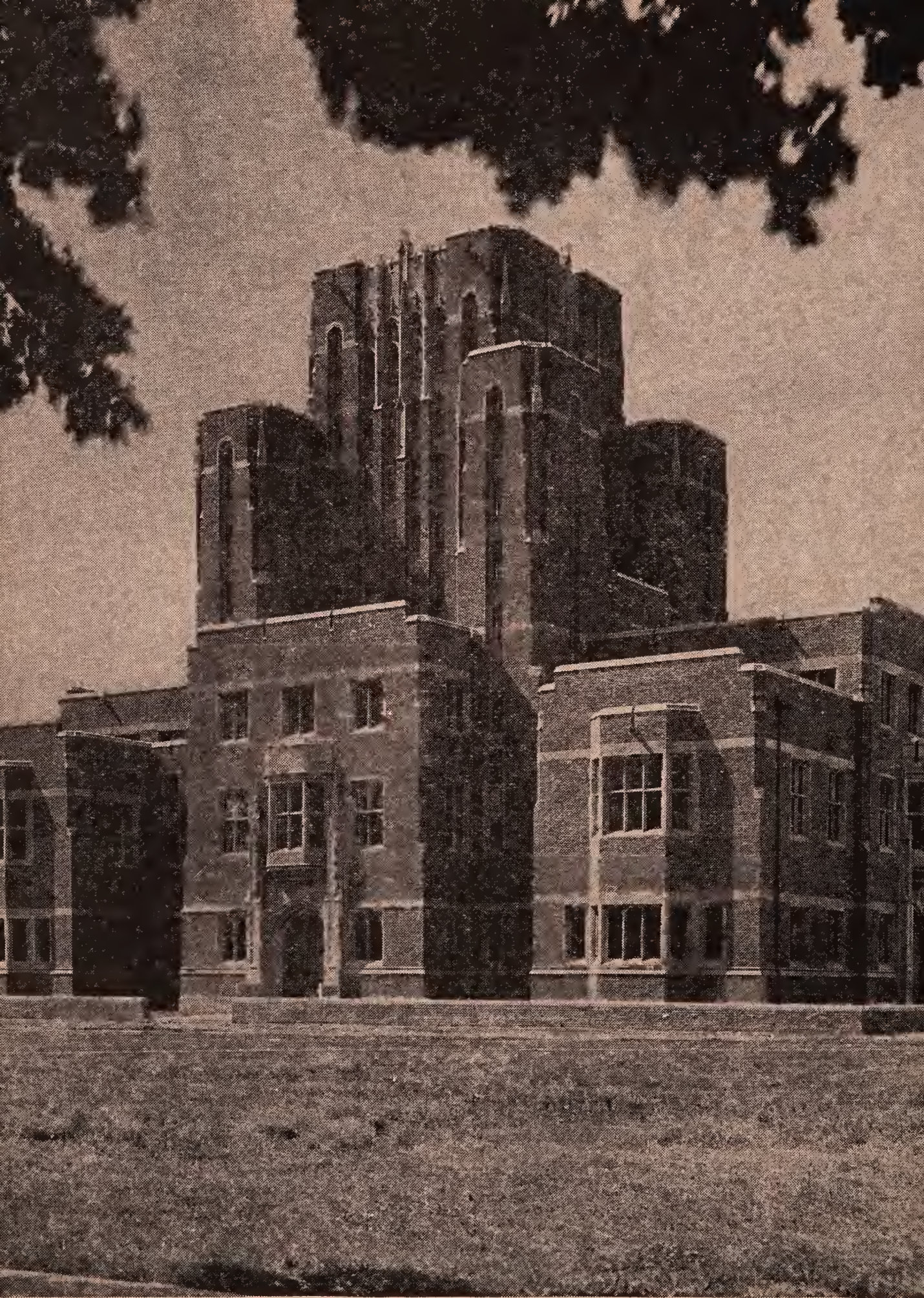
The money they earned came back
across the sea to their school.

After a long time,
the Singers came home, too.

All this happened years ago.
But if you go to Fisk University
even now,
you may still see Jubilee Hall.
You may still hear the songs
which the Jubilee Singers loved.

To be sure, you will not see
the first Jubilee Singers.
They have all gone to another
home.

But you can feel their spirit



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of love and faith,
as you walk under the trees
and into the old buildings.

You can feel this spirit winging.
You can almost hear them singing,
if you stand very still
near Jubilee Hall
when the sun is going down.

You may find the good in others,
You may see all men as brothers,
if you stand very still
near Jubilee Hall
when the sun is going down.

WORD STUDY

VOCABULARY STUDY

There are 246 new words used in Book Two. 25 words have been dropped from those used in Book One, leaving a total of 575 different words in Book Two. The number of running words in Book Two is 12,592.

All but 26 of the new words fall within the Thorndike or Gates lists for this grade. Of these 26, twelve are proper names, or names of significance in race history.

Of the 246 new words, 40 are modified forms of words previously used. These are indicated by the asterisk.

Every word is counted separately except plurals formed by the addition of "s."

Not more than three new words appear on any page.

The average number of new words per page is 1.4.

The number of running words per new word is 51.1.

The average repetition of each word is 21.9.

Repetition is natural and purposeful.

WORD LIST

New words are listed under the pages on which they appear.

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Page 3 Monday September	Page 8 feed their	Page 12 walk way long	Page 16 answered miss
Page 4 now Mr.	Page 9 but garden under	Page 13 eight only	Page 17 as walked*
Page 5 then			Page 18 appreciate right Rosenwald

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